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LEADING FEATURES.

"MOODUS NOISES:" A Rhyme for the Fourth of July. By R. T. Sperry. With 17 Illustrations by Sperry & Hartt.

"ON A MARGIN:" A Story of Wall Street and Washington.

TOO TRUE FOR FICTION. (Prize Story.) "The Romance of Anthony."

JUDGE TOURGÉE on the Republican Platform.

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Moodus Noises

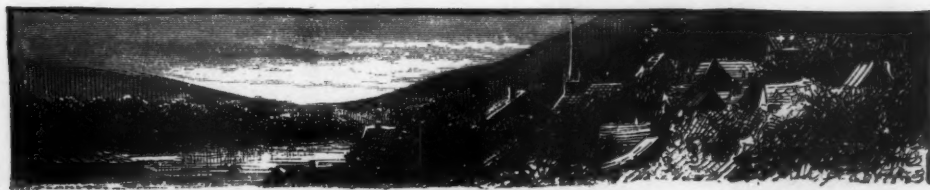
A RHYME FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.



by Reginald T. Sperry.
ILLUSTRATED BY SPERRY & HART.

I.

In a certain respectable state "way down east"
Is a village of title euphonious;
Which, (in order to keep within gun-shot at least,
And thus avoid statements erroneous),
We'll call simply "Moodus" — a well-to-do town,
With its houses spread out through a valley
As though they'd been sifted and then had rolled
down
With a view 'round the brook all to rally.



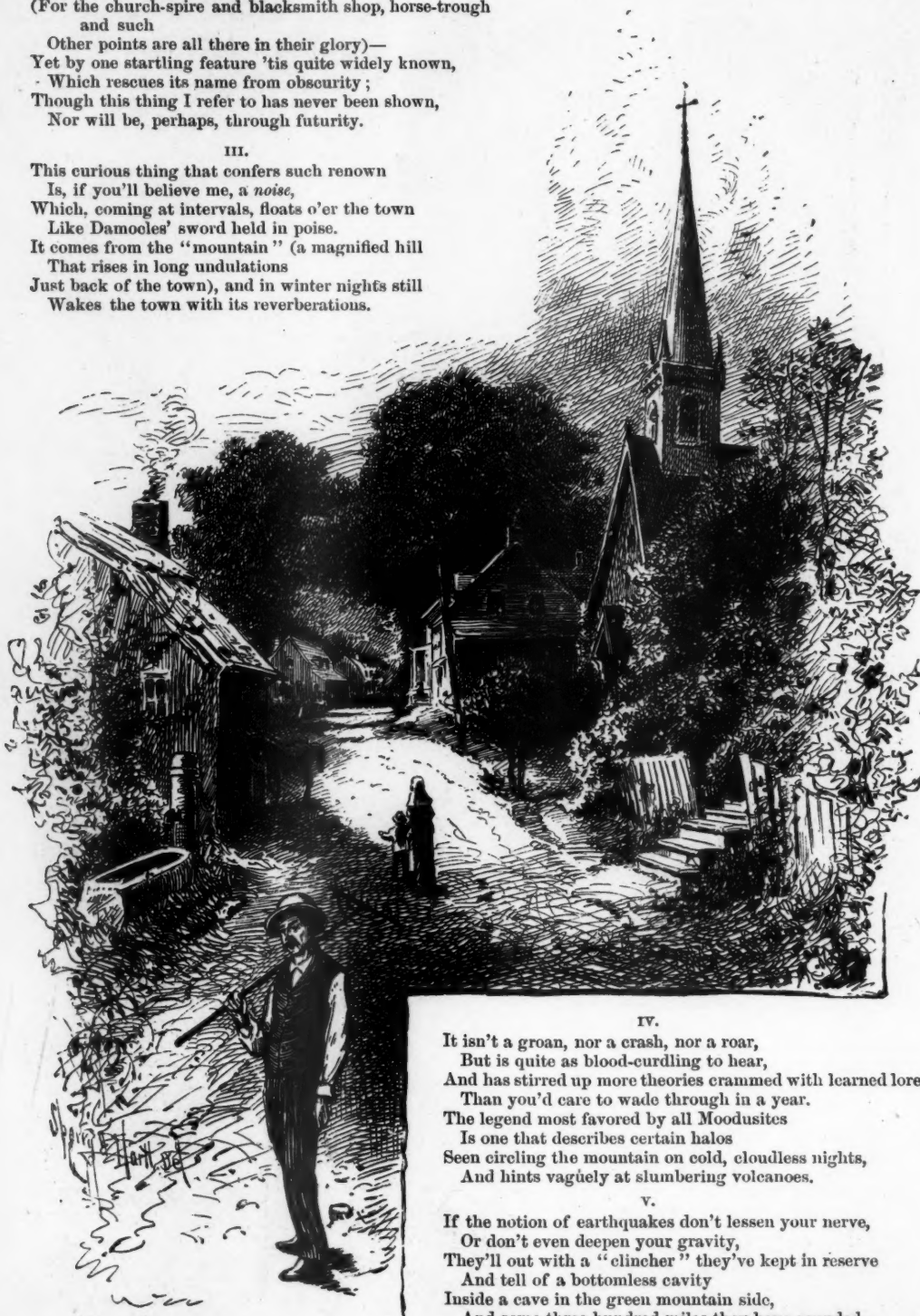
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II.

Though the village itself doesn't differ so much
 From others familiar in story—
 (For the church-spire and blacksmith shop, horse-trough
 and such
 Other points are all there in their glory)—
 Yet by one startling feature 'tis quite widely known,
 Which rescues its name from obscurity;
 Though this thing I refer to has never been shown,
 Nor will be, perhaps, through futurity.

III.

This curious thing that confers such renown
 Is, if you'll believe me, a *noise*,
 Which, coming at intervals, floats o'er the town
 Like Damocles' sword held in poise.
 It comes from the "mountain" (a magnified hill
 That rises in long undulations
 Just back of the town), and in winter nights still
 Wakes the town with its reverberations.



IV.

It isn't a groan, nor a crash, nor a roar,
 But is quite as blood-curdling to hear,
 And has stirred up more theories crammed with learned lore
 Than you'd care to wade through in a year.
 The legend most favored by all Moodusites
 Is one that describes certain halos
 Seen circling the mountain on cold, cloudless nights,
 And hints vaguely at slumbering volcanoes.

V.

If the notion of earthquakes don't lessen your nerve,
 Or don't even deepen your gravity,
 They'll out with a "clincher" they've kept in reserve
 And tell of a bottomless cavity
 Inside a cave in the green mountain side,
 And some three hundred miles they have sounded—
 (I believe it is miles, for I don't think they lied),
 And found—well, this legend was founded.

VI.

So, you see, "Moodus Noises," odd though it be,
Don't exactly refer to a Babel,



But is quite scientific, no less in degree
Than the moon or the submarine cable.

VII.

In the outskirts of Moodus lived Simeon Strong—
A boy of sixteen—"a raal Yankee";
He was tough as a wire, and as lean and as long,
And was known through the county as "Shankey."
He was "keener'n a briar," and "cuter'n a fox,"
And "a streak o' greased litten' warn't quicker."
He was handy at all things, from driving an ox
To the sharpest description of "dicker."

VIII.

No almanac, household receipt-book or "Guide,"
No home books of reference were heeded,

For Simeon was posted, from the turn of the tide
To the time that a baking pie needed.
He could tell just the place where bull-heads and eels
Congregated beyond computation,
When the trains left the station, when white birch-
bark peels,
Who'd speak th' Independence oration;

IX.

Who the minister meant in his last Sunday's "hit,"
Why "Shorty" had "given up drinkin',"
Who the "new people" were, and every *on dit*
From chickens to babies "like winkin'."
Not one in the village could handle a gun
Like "Shankey"; and as for invention—
The traps and the toys and the thousand and one
Things he'd made were too num'rous to mention.

X.

If the boys wanted kites, or a "tip-up" or snare,
Or wanted to make an excursion,
Their first thought was Sim, whose capacities rare
Ensured them all kinds of diversion.
And with all the rest, why, I really must add,
He'd an uncommon *penchant* for funning,
But never (which proves him a sharp-witted lad)
Did suspicion reach "Shankey" the cunning.





XI.

On the fourth of July, eighteen hundred and blank
 (For the date has no sort of relation),
 All Moodus proposed to unite with Pine Bank
 In an old-fashioned "Fourth" celebration.
 For a couple of months not a thing could you hear
 But "powder," "processions," and "speeches";
 And a mammoth collation—the night being clear—
 Was planned to "come off" near the "Beeches."

XIII.

"S'likes not he's invented sum new kind o' gun;
 'Cause I seen him a-fooling with powder;
 Yu kin bet he's jest handy et thet kin' o' fun—
 An' 't'll go orf a nation site louder
 'N ther rest on 'em—thet's jest ther way when he's glum,
 An' keeps ther ole ceow-shed awl boarded:
 Ef he wunst gits it right, 't'll be awl kingdom cum
 'Ith your hearin', when he once gits it loaded."



XII.

As the time slowly passing brought nearer the
 day,

Sim grew quite close-mouthed and dejected;
 He even quit hectoring Phoebe, and lay

On the hay-mow for hours and reflected.

"Wot's cum on to Sim?" said Phoebe to Dan.

"He's ez deown in the mouth as a dunkey."

"Oh, he's gut sum durned notion or other tu plan.

Don't y'u worry 'bout him—he's all hunkey.

XIV.

But "Shankey," when questioned, looked doubtful and
 grave,

And said, "I don't jist like the notion
 Ov firin' orf rockets up there by the cave;

Ef they do there'll jist be a commotion.

Ther gas comes a-whizzen up outen thet hill

In a way thet's jest puffectly offul,

Ef it once gits teched orf, every blamed Jack and Jill

'L be beound fur the land 'O be joyful."

XV.

Sim's notion soon spread, and much comment ensued,
 Some were scared, some were mad, some satirical.
 The doctor at once the whole subject pooh-poohed,
 But the dominie said 'twas a miracle
 That Simeon had thought of the matter at all,
 While 'twas easy to have it prevented,
 A remark that aroused all the schoolmaster's gall,
 And *he* said the old dunce was demented.

XVIII.

For the dominie said—and quite truly, no doubt—
 That if gas did come out 'twould go higher;
 And that no conflagration could be brought about
 While escaping so far from the fire.
 So the boys, and the girls, and the men, and their wives,
 Had each their own anticipation,
 Of the "hottest old time" they'd seen in their lives—
 And they *had*—beyond all expectation.



XVI.

Then a conflict ensued—a partisan fight,
 And all on the subject of rockets;
 Some objected for fun and others from fright,
 And some on account of their pockets.
 So great waxed the heat of this fierce wordy war
 That, just at this time "Moodus Noises,"
 Described to a T the clatter and "jaw,"
 For all to the theme gave their voices.

XVII.

But the matter was settled at length in this way:
 A nice compromise was effected;
 Whereby they could shoot, squib and fizzle all day,
 Or all night, if so they elected,
 But rockets and bombs were all duly denied,
 "Or other sky-shooting invention,"
 And thus the wise Moodusites danger defied,
 By a prudential ounce of prevention.

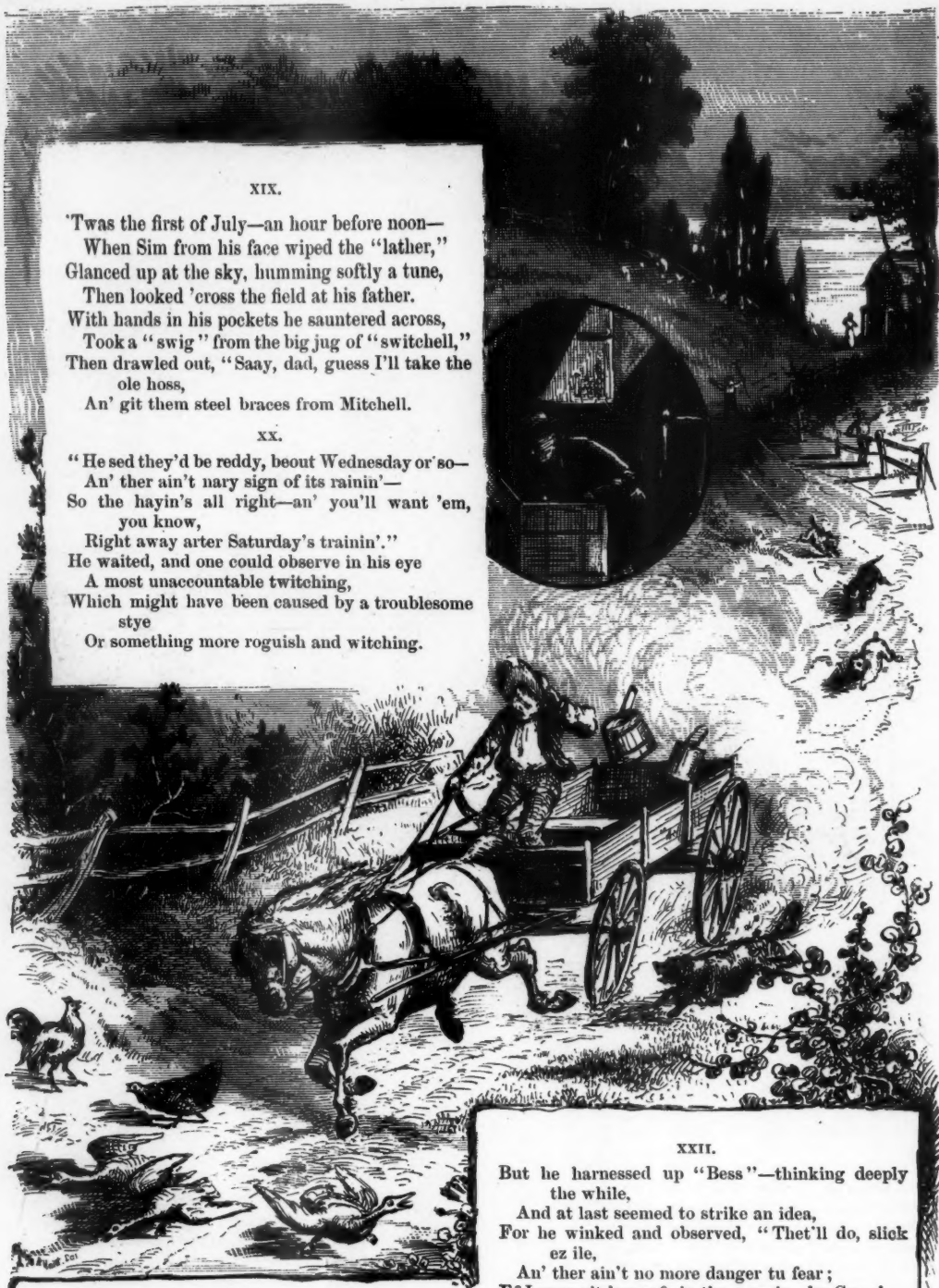


XIX.

'Twas the first of July—an hour before noon—
 When Sim from his face wiped the "lather,"
 Glanced up at the sky, humming softly a tune,
 Then looked 'cross the field at his father.
 With hands in his pockets he sauntered across,
 Took a "swig" from the big jug of "switchell,"
 Then drawled out, "Saay, dad, guess I'll take the
 ole hoss,
 An' git them steel braces from Mitchell.

XX.

"He sed they'd be reddy, beout Wednesday or so—
 An' ther ain't nary sign of its rainin'—
 So the hayin's all right—an' you'll want 'em,
 you know,
 Right away arter Saturday's trainin'."
 He waited, and one could observe in his eye
 A most unaccountable twitching,
 Which might have been caused by a troublesome
 stye
 Or something more roguish and witching.



XXII.

But he harnessed up "Bess"—thinking deeply
 the while,
 And at last seemed to strike an idea,
 For he winked and observed, "Thet'll do, slick
 ez ile,
 An' ther ain't no more danger tu fear;
 Ef I once git 'em safe in the waggin—by Gum!
 I'll snake 'em right up tu the holler,
 An' no one'll know, fur I'll leave Phœb tu hum,
 An' the rest is jist certain to foller."

XXIII.

Soon Phœbe came skipping in glee to the barn:
 "Sim, I'm goin' down with you to the Landin',
 'Cause ma wants some thread, an' some muslin, and yarn,
 An'——" "Saay, Phœb, don't be so commandin',

XXI.

"Id' know but yu mout jist ez well go ter day,
 It ain't goin' to shower, thet's sartain;
 An' take Phœb along, 'cause I heard mother say,
 She's ter git some dress fixin's from Martin."
 Sim turned and walked off with a crest-fallen air,
 While he muttered, "Wal, neow you've jist dun it!
 Thet's allus my luck—ther whole blamed affair,
 'L jess bust fur a gal's pesky bunnit!"

'Cause ma ain't afeared fur tu tell me, you know,
Ef she wants me tu du any shoppin'."
"Wal, you needn't git riley—dad sed I cud go."
"Wal, go—but you'd better be stoppin'."

XXIV.

'Taint none o' my fan'ral—but jist look o' here,
Ef I waz a gal I'd be scary,
O' givin' Abe Henderson any sich steer—
'T'll kick up the very Ole Harry!"
"Why, wot du yu mean?" cried the girl in dismay,
And a fall mapleleaf ne'er was redder—
"Hev yu seen?—is he coming?" "I hain't nothin' tu
say,
Keep your eyes down on dad's cedar meddar!"

XXV.

Sim walked up the yard with a long, solemn face,
Found his mother at work in the kitchen,
Wrote a long list of knick-knacks—from "lumber" to
"lace,"
His mouth all the time queerly twitching.
Then he went to his room, and from out an old chest,
Took his savings all crammed in a wallet;
Then out of the house—cried to Phoebe, "Wal, I'm blest!
This here's a durned shame! I should call it!

The ducks and the hens fluttered out of the way,
The dogs, great and small, followed after,
The men hollered, "Sim, what the dickens 's tu pay?"
While the boys swelled the din with their laughter.

XXIX.

But Sim, rushing on, soon left Haddam behind,
And a mile below came to the "Landin',"
And down the steep street, where the road takes a
"wind,"
He rattled, and pulled up "all standin' "
On the wharf, just in time, for the steamer from York
Was landing her goods, and among 'em
Sim spied with delight a barrel marked "Pork,"
And he muttered, "By Golly! They've brung 'em!"

XXX.

Standing next to the cask was a box made of pine,
Peculiar-shaped, narrow and long,
On the top was marked "Oil-cloth," and under this
line:
"To be called for by Simeon Strong."
In a trice both were stowed in the wagon, and Sim
Started off on his tour of the stores;
And the afternoon light was long faded and dim,
Before he had finished his "chores."



XXVI.

Why don't yu git reddy? It's late enuff now—
Wot's thet!—*yu won't go!*—wal, I swunny!
Why didn't yu say so afore? All this row,
'Beout nothin'; you gals is blamed funny!
Wal, don't you be givin' no taffy to dad,
I sed you cud go ef you're minter,
So-don't you git uppish an' try tu look mad,
An' tell Abe I'll giv' him a p'inter

XXVII.

'Beout heow to ketch ducks," and a crack of the goad
Sent Bess rattling off with the wagon,
While behind streamed a cloud of red dust from the road,
As though 'twas pursued by a dragon.
Down the hill to the bridge, up the road thro' the wood,
Through the "cross-cut" by Babcock's "dry pastur',"
Round the curve by the cove where the sawmill once
stood,
Old Bess never covered ground faster.

XXVIII.

The people of Haddam, as Sim swept along,
Rushed out as they heard all the clatter,
And the girls at the "college" came out in a throng,
To see what on earth was the matter.

XXXI.

But Sim and old Bess knew each inch of the road,
In this and all other directions;
So all in due time he arrived with his load,
With two most important exceptions:
No barrel of "pork" could be seen, and no box,
But everything else he'd been sent for
Was there, even-down to the Baby's new socks—
For Sim always got what he went for.

XXXII.

The first misty gleam on the Fourth found the boys—
And, in fact, the whole male population—
Devoting their talents to making a noise
That would shame any storm in creation.
'Twas snap, flizz, and boom—pop, fizzle, and bang,
While pans, and tin horns, and the church bell—
(Which kicked up its heels in a crazy cling-clang),
Helped to make the whole township a Babel.

XXXIII.

And 'mongst all this din, you may be very sure,
That our nimble friend Sim came out strong,
And the noises *he* made were the real "Simon pure,"
Whether cannon, torpedo, or gong.

The day passed along as such days always do,
And the crowd—hot, sweaty, and sun-tanned—
Stood waiting in patience (and store-clothes) to view
All the sights, that were always behind-hand.

XXXIV.

The "Beeches" that night were a sight to behold,
When prepared for the evening collation,



And their tall, stately trunks were gleaming like gold
With the glow of the illumination.
Long tables were spread, piled high with good things,
(And Connecticut's cooking is noted,)
And around them the throng—all as happy as kings—
While the glee of the scene was promoted

XXXV.

By the strains of the Moodus Brass Band, as it dinned
Out a nondescript mixture of wailings,
And though wanting in melody, made up in wind—
Though none thought such trifles were failings.
In fact, for such details they cared not a groat,
For all were intent on enjoyment :
Some loaded themselves with food to the throat,
While others found ample employment

XXXVI.

In getting "plumb-loaded" in various ways ;
Some flirted, some "spooned" and read mottoes,
While the juveniles still tried a racket to raise
With their crackers and squibs, and torpedoes.
So intent were they all, that no one had thought
Of noting that "Shankey" was missing,
(Though always the leader in all kinds of sport
With exception, perhaps, of the kissing.)



XXXVII.

The hubbub increased, the laughter and shouts
Each moment grew louder and louder ;
The younger folks romped, while a few burly louts
Finished up all the coffee and chowder.



Then out from the *melee* crept Dicky Bedott,
(A "chum" of our Sim's,) who, with caution,
Found his way through the brush to a certain dark spot
With many a wily contortion.

XXXVIII.

There glimmered a moment a tiny, bright spark,
Then others in rapid succession,
Then, *Wh-h-h-h-i-sh!*—went a rocket streaming
out thro' the dark,
And others in fiery procession.
They did not mount high, but with beautiful curve,
Each rocket with startling precision,
Flew straight for the cave, without ever a swerve,
As if they'd been sent on a mission.

XXXIX.

At the first hiss the crowd had all paused, and now stood
In silence, as though transfixed by magic;
From their looks you'd have said they were figures of
wood,
With faces most woefully tragic.
No wonder—for look! from the cave comes a flash
Of fires—green, red, blue, and yellow—
Then their hearts almost stop as they hear a great crash
Followed close by an unearthly bellow.

XL.

Dazed, terrified, stupefied—not a soul moved,
But their mouths and eyes open in horror,
As they think of Sim's theory thus quickly proved,
And for them that there'll be no to-morrow.
They see the cave vomiting great balls of fire,
And belching flames, sulph'rous and vivid—
Then a crackling commences, coming nigher and nigher,
And their faces with terror grow livid.





XLI.

Then comes an explosion—the earth fairly cracks—
 And a line of hot *something* comes streaming—
 Human nature can't stand it—some fall on their backs,
 And some fall to praying—some screaming.
 One man makes a dash for the river and dives,
 While others go climbing the beeches;
 But most of them turn, and just flee for their lives,
 Making everything blue with their screeches.

XLII.

The women—the old ones—all “scooted” for home,
 And rushed in at once for the Bible;
 But the young ones held on to their lovers—and some—
 Well, to say that they swore would be libel;

But they certainly used words you only will hear
 In a bar-room, or else at a “meeting”;
 And the babies were dropped on the ground far and near,
 And helped things along with their bleating.

XLIII.

I never have heard how or when they got home,
 But I know that for three days the stores
 Were closed up in Moodus; and I know, too, that some
 Failed for weeks to ‘tend up to the “chores.”
 Poor Dominie Brown was helped down from a tree,
 And the very next Sunday he showed
 That there *was* such a thing as a hell, and that he
 Would like to see some in it stowed.



XLIV.

The doctor returned after three weeks or more,
 And said he'd been seeing a patient;
 And the schoolmaster—feeling exceedingly sore
 From his bath—looked most terribly ancient.
 So I caution the reader: Don't mention "*Earthquake*"
 If Moodus should lay in your route;
 For they're still on the war-path, and vengeance will take
 On the first one they think they've found out.

XLV.

Sim and Dickey sat grinning, recounting the scene,
 Just back of the barn, the next noon-time,
 And wond'ring that people could be so "darned green,"
 To "scare" so at powder and quick-lime,
 And rockets, and things that they'd seen all their lives:
 "But, by Jingo!" said Sim, his eyes brightening,
 "I'd hev given the profits ov all my bee-hives
 Fur one darned good streak o' chain littenin'."

THE DESTINY OF THE UNIVERSE.

THE melancholy prediction made years ago by Balfour Stewart in his "*Conservation of Energy*," by many others before and since, and now by Samuel Willard in the *April Century*, calls for some sort of protest, if for no other reason, to show that we cannot contemplate unmoved so stupendous a calamity, however remote in time—the universe of life and light, stretched like a vast corpse in the blackness of its boundless tomb, with no hope of resurrection forever and forever!

If this be a true prophecy, then, since the longest conceivable finite duration is but an instant compared with eternity, there is destined to be a mere momentary flash of light and life connecting a past eternity of utter darkness and nonentity with a future eternity of utter darkness and death. The Infinite Controller has prepared for His instant of work by an eternity of idleness, and will rest from His instant of work by another eternity of idleness! Before accepting so astounding a conclusion let us demand something more than mere speculative inference for proof.

The sources of light and life—countless millions of suns—are, without an instant's interruption, expending their forces, radiating them into space. As each of these sources is finite in its extent, this process cannot go on forever unless there is some means of endless replenishment. It can even be estimated how many centuries will suffice for the extinguishment of a luminous body of known magnitude, constitution, and temperature, as, for example, our sun.

Now, the question has been asked many times, What becomes of the forces after they leave their source? Upon the reasonableness and authoritativeness of the answer must depend our conclusion in regard to the Destiny of the Universe. They are radiated into space. How far? Will they go on beyond the outermost limits of matter—if such limits exist—darting on in ever-diverging lines to all infinity? If so, what will carry them? Forces—light, heat, etc.—are merely "modes of motion." Motion without substance is unthinkable. How can there be movement where there is nothing to move? Hence the forces cannot pass beyond the limits of substance. But the special substance which transmits these radiating forces has received the name "ether." Is, then, ether infinite in its extent while all other kinds of substance are finite? If so the universe is indeed doomed; but where is the proof? Why must we predicate infinity of any one kind of substance to the exclusion of all other kinds?

If the universe of matter, including ether, is finite, then the radiated forces, on reaching the outermost boundary, must suffer total reflection. Thus they must eventually either return to their original sources or

they must remain diffused throughout the interstellar ether. In the latter case, ether is a constantly increasing reservoir of "expended" forces. It is constantly growing lighter and warmer, while the orbs themselves are growing colder and darker; and this process will continue until universal equilibrium is finally established, or until a certain limit shall have been reached from which a reaction shall begin. Now, if it can be shown (1) that ether is growing warmer and lighter, and (2) that there never can be a reversal of the process, then the universe must die.

The only argument in favor of the first of these two propositions is that furnished by the Nebular Hypothesis. Observation is utterly against it. No one has as yet proved experimentally or from observation that ether can absorb—retain within itself—the feeblest wave of light or heat. On the contrary, we have no right to say there is a single star so remote that the intervening ether does not transmit to us faithfully every tremor of the slender ray which it darts toward us. Millions of years of travel, at the inconceivable velocity of light, do not suffice for the absorption of rays. They are only scattered in accordance with the law of radiation, and it needs only the telescope to regather them for our dull perception. Every fresh accession to its power confirms the rule, and we have no valid reason for assigning any limit to it whatsoever.

Nevertheless, let us grant that ether is an absorbent as well as a transmitter of force. Through untold ages it has been robbing the primeval *nebulae* until they have shrunk to suns with their scattered satellites. For ages to come this will continue until—what? Universal equilibrium and rest? But this hypothesis is contrary to all analogy. The cannon-ball, in the hackneyed illustration, does not come to rest at the center of the earth, but swings back and forth forever. Everywhere the grand movements in nature are characterized by oscillation. Planetary orbits, for example, shrink to a minimum, and then expand to a maximum. The present phase of the heavenly orbs may be that of condensation. The mutual attraction of their molecules may prevail over their mutual repulsion; but there may be all this time storing up a *tension of repulsion* which, long before the molecules can come into actual contact, shall send them apart again with an impetus that shall enable them to reabsorb all the force they have given up to the ether, even till they shall return to their original nebulous condition. Thus phrase may alternate with phrase; the universe may be a truly vital organism, pulsating with a vast *systole* and *diastole* to all eternity.

Since, then, it is an accepted law of physics that

neither matter nor force can be annihilated, and since it cannot be proved that the ether is infinite in its extent while the universe of suns and planets is finite, or that the ether absorbs the forces transmitted to it, or that, if it does absorb them, it will not give them out again, as the rest of matter is now supposed to be doing, what becomes of the gloomy prediction against which this article is a protest?

But if, as I have implied, every ray darted into space may ultimately return, reflected from the far-off surface of the ethereal raindrop, then every heavenly body occupies a position analogous to that of a luminous body within a hollow sphere whose internal surface is a perfect mirror. Such a body would be equally lighted on all sides. Why, then, is not our midnight as bright and warm as our noonday? And why, since both planets and suns are subjected to the same cross-fire of returning rays, are not all preserved at the same temperature?

It is well known that the same agencies do not necessarily produce the same perceptible effects upon different kinds of matter. The fire that quickly renders an iron poker white-hot does not raise the clay fire-box to the point of luminosity. A pile of cannon-balls in the afternoon sun will soon become so warm that you can scarcely bear your hand upon them, though you may sit undisturbed upon the turf beside them. Now, are the sun and his planets identical in substance? The Nebular hypothesis teaches that originally they were parts of the same body. This is far, however, from implying homogeneity. The sun may be looked upon as a condensed miniature of the original *nebula*. Nothing could be more unlike than his photosphere and his nucleus. Should he "throw off" another planet, it would scarcely represent both parts in equal proportions. The moon, earth, and sun may therefore be exposed to the same flood of rays returning from space with a vast difference in the sensible effects.

Again, it is not a matter of necessity that all the rays returning to our system should be perceptible to our senses. At the instant of their outgoing their condition may be analogous to the extremely active *nascent state* in the case of chemical affinity, while at their incoming from their well-nigh endless journeys they may have assumed some correlated form like that of the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, in which, though they may not brighten our mighty sky, they may yet replenish in full the deathless orb which gives us our day.

If the universe of matter were co-extensive with infinite space—and who can disprove it?—the conditions in any part would not be essentially changed. No line could be produced in any direction whatsoever without ultimately meeting some sidereal orb; no ray, in whatever direction it were projected, could be forever lost. Take any one of the infinite multitude of stars—for ex-

ample, the sun. At every point of the celestial sphere that surrounds it, at distances nearer or more remote, there would be a material mass to receive its rays. From every point of the celestial sphere a material mass would pour back to it rays of greater or less intensity. Suppose that to some of them it should give more than it received in return. Then, while it grew colder and less bright, they would grow correspondingly warmer and brighter. There must come a time when the conditions would be reversed. The principle applies with equal force to planets and stars. If the earth is now receiving more light and heat than it is giving out, unless there is a change in the phase, it will eventually become a little sun. If the contrary is true, it is warming and lighting the rest of the universe. All the light and heat which the dead moon has given out have gone to other bodies—at least, to other matter—not a ray has been "lost." Who knows but that the time will come when they shall return to her, warming her frozen bosom to renewed life and beauty?

Science can never determine whether the universe has a boundary; but such a conception is as repugnant to our ideas of an Infinite God as is that of a limit in its duration. The greatest conceivable finite space is but a point compared with infinity. If, then, the universe is finite in its extent, as well as in its life, it is but a molecule in an infinity of emptiness, sparkling for an instant in an eternity of nothingness—a worthy work, truly, for the Being who pervades that infinity and that eternity!

In one of the school reading-books, in vogue half a generation ago, occurred a selection, the substance of which may be adapted as follows:

The *ephemeridæ* live but two or three hours. Imagine a Nestor among them addressing an audience—the eldest his junior by, at least, forty minutes:

"My children," he says, "I am convinced that the world is doomed. Science proves conclusively that the sun is in motion. The Oriental hypothesis teaches that it originated in the Eastern horizon, and that, as time went on, it slowly ascended to the zenith, from which it has as slowly descended to its present position. The future may be predicted from the past. That the direction of the sun's motion should change, is contrary to all known laws. The pebble dropped continues its fall until it reaches the earth. So must the sun. As the hours go on, he will sink nearer and nearer the Western horizon; his light and heat will gradually diminish in intensity; animals and plants will successively succumb to the increasing cold—until at last the glorious luminary, the fountain of all life, will be quenched in the pitiless waves of the ocean, leaving behind him the 'corpse of a dead world.'"

EDWARD P. JACKSON.

SAPPHO ON LEUCADIA.

"Who dares to love must dare to die," she said,

And flinging back the hair that clung unbound
About the warm white throat, she looked around
Upon the bright glad earth, as if she fed
The thirsty soul that Love denied had led
To gloomy Death. Love's own priestess scorned
Before those altars her full hands adorned,

Waiting with calm, proud soul the doom she found.
One moment. Then she fixed her eyes, deep filled
With deathless passion, on the deep-blue wave,
Which restless flowed beneath, as if to crave
The peace no God to her strong heart had willed,
And springing forth, the fierce sea caught and pressed
The trembling limbs to quiet on its breast.

ELSIE PATTEN.

TOO TRUE FOR FICTION.

"'Tis strange, but true; for Truth is always strange—
Stranger than Fiction."—BYRON.

THESE stories, published anonymously under the above general title, are by the following authors:

CHARLES BARNARD,	HELEN JACKSON (H. H.),	LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
ROSE TERRY COOKE,	EDWARD EVERETT HALE,	MARY B. PARKER,
EDGAR FAWCETT,	JOHN HABBERTON,	HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
(Author of "An Ambitious Woman.")	(Author of "Helen's Rabbits.")	NATHAN C. KOUNS,
ROSSITER W. RAYMOND,	PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON,	(Author of "Arius the Libyan.")
ANNA K. GREENE,	E. P. ROE,	SARA ORNE JEWETT,
(Author of "The Leavenworth Case.")		A. W. TOURGÉE.

In addition to these, other equally well-known writers have promised to contribute, and all have cordially expressed their warm approval of this latest form of the literary conundrum. The series will contain twenty or more stories. The names of all those contributing will be published from time to time during the continuance of the series.

GRAND PRIZE COMPETITION.

One Thousand Dollars will be distributed equally amongst those who correctly name the authors of all the stories for this Grand Prize, the competition to be under the following conditions:

- 1.—Each person competing for this Prize must forward one year's subscription on or before the first day of July at the regular rate (\$4.00 a year), with a notification that he intends to compete.
- 2.—Upon receipt of such subscription and notification the name of the sender will be entered upon the list of competitors and an acknowledgment of the same will be mailed to the address given. All persons, whether subscribers or not, who may desire to engage in this competition and wish something to spur their inclination, will also be allowed to compete for the following prizes, under the conditions given below, and any one who has begun to compete for the lesser prizes may be transferred to the list of competitors for the Grand Prize by forwarding one NEW subscription as required above.
- 3.—The publishers of *THE CONTINENT* reserve the right to withdraw the privilege of competition in case one thousand competitors shall not have entered by the first of July.
- 4.—Competitors for this prize should mark all communications distinctly, "Grand Prize Competition."
- 5.—The competitors for this prize will be allowed three months from the date of publication in which to guess the authorship of each story.
- 6.—Within ten days after the receipt of the last guess (limit of time as in rule 5), the list of successful competitors will be made out and the money paid.

For other rules see below.

TO ALL PERSONS, whether subscribers or not, the following offers are made:

- 1.—To any one who shall correctly guess the authorship of *ten* of the stories, we will send, post-paid, any one of Judge Tourgée's Novels, or any single volume of the "Our Continent Library."
- 2.—To any one who shall correctly guess the authorship of *twenty* of the tales in the series, we will send *THE CONTINENT* free for the year 1885.
- 3.—To every one who shall rightly guess the authorship of *all* the stories of the series, we will send *THE CONTINENT* for two years, beginning January 1st, 1885.

The conditions necessary to entitle one to enter this competition are:

- 1.—The name and address of the person desiring to compete shall be given with the first guess as to authorship.
- 2.—Each guess must be received within one month from the date of the number in which the story is published.
- 3.—All guesses must be sent on postal cards, for convenience in filing and assorting.

VIII.

THE ROMANCE OF ANTHONY.

THIS is to be the story of my life. I begin it while the night is late, but before dawn has come I shall doubtless have finished it. I wish everything to be known. I cannot quite explain my wish. Perhaps it is merely that I desire that one of my parents who yet lives to read what shall here be written. Is this tenderness, or is it a sense of bitter revenge? I can scarcely tell. But Gontran will not ignore the last request that I shall ever make of him. And I shall make that request in a separate letter. No, Gontran will fulfill it! I know him so well!

Afterward, when I have completed my confession, when I have written my letter, I shall—

Why did my hand tremble there? Why have I made a blot upon the paper, and shaped that ending word with a feeble insecurity? I am much calmer now. I shall write on, very calmly, to the end. The end of what?

Let me be quite plain. Let me seek to make no foolish compromise with my own wildly perturbed thoughts and feelings. There are certain periods in certain lives

when, despite all the splendid ethics of dead or living minds, suicide is justifiable. At least I so maintain, and I realize that such a period has now arrived within my own existence. I realize it with a terrible and unevadible certainty. When I have finished this confession (if the word "revolt," or "imprecation," were not better applied to it) I shall end my life.

End my life! How? Have I the means? Pah! My pen turns aimless at the very beginning of this effort, one toward which I have steadied myself with a great and desperate energy.

There are always means of ending one's life. A cord, shaped of torn linen shreds, would do it. Or, perhaps, I can still regain that deep pool out beyond the garden. But, better than either, there is a kind of Oriental dagger, which I have for years used as a paper-cutter, and whose slim, bright blade gleams to me from a remote table as I turn my head and survey the misty dusk of the library beside whose one-lighted desk I now sit and write these lines.

Why does my hand again falter? Why do I not

begin, as I had so resolutely determined to begin, on first seating myself here?

Am I thinking of how this intended writing would strike the great outside world of men, should they ever gaze upon it? Am I thinking of how they would be devoid of sympathy, and in pitying me merely pity me as one curiously accursed, but no more? Would one tear, one humane regret, one vital heart-throb, ever visit them? Would they not simply shudder, and try to forget, saying within their own shocked minds: "This is no concern of ours. It is hideous and unnatural. We are within the bounds of nature, not outside the proper limits. Our own lives, from cradle to grave, bring us enough of the truly painful, the act ually bitter. But this, in its monstrous incredibility, its loathsome dread, is like one of those ghastly nightmares which we endure with misery and dismiss with joy at the dawn that dispels it."

Do such thoughts as these retard my hand? No, for why should I, who have never been of the world, heed what the world might say concerning me?

I pause, I hesitate, for another reason. At intervals there comes to me, while I am seated here, a faint yet thrilling sound; I can scarcely hear the sound, but I know its origin. It is a low, perpetual sob. It is full of a strong man's strong sorrow.

Poor, true, devoted Gontran! It is you who deter me! It is your voice which seems to call me from my present inflexible purpose! But the night grows later. I must steel my nerves, and, once for all, with unrelaxed energy, begin the narration of what I have set myself to tell.

My name is Anthony. I know no more than that. By this name Gontran has always called me. I have never asked him for another. I marvel, now, that I have not done so, since I have asked so much of him, and been answered so much.

My earliest memories are connected with this one series of apartments, each large and commodious. I have never known any other habitation. I have dwelt here always. As outside time goes, I am still young; I am now in my twenty-sixth year. So Gontran has told me, and I have no earthly excuse for disbelieving his statement.

It would be false—it would be ungrateful—for me to state that my life has ever been disturbed by any longings like those of the captive after freedom. Its course until of late has been wholly tranquil; its troublous incidents have all been recent, though ending in the sharp anguish of a most fearful discovery. Education has been given to me, yet education brought with it no desire for personal liberty. I knew myself, so to speak, the wearer of clipped wings, yet I had no wish to fly.

The conditions of my surroundings had gradually and surely wrought their effect. I was the bent twig, hardening with lapse of time, and by imperceptible degrees. The strict surveillance of my guardian became year by year less needful.

Never was guardian more efficient. Friend is a more fitting name for Gontran, and in the most sublime sense of that word—in the sense of Emerson when he says: "A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature."

Toward this inseparable and cherished companion I had learned to look as the source of all my happiness, intellectual or physical. One of the chambers here is fitted up as a library, and it contains volume after volume of precious reading. Without Gontran I should never have known how to use these books. As time

slipped along, the teacher and pupil became mental equals, and perhaps the richest hours of my strangely secluded life have been passed under the shadow of those well-filled book-shelves.

All the apartments of this, my sole, unaltering residence, have been from the first appointed with great luxury and comfort. Repairs have frequently occurred in them. I have heard the bustle or clatter of such repairs, but have never seen the workmen by whom they were performed. Gontran's known wish has been law to me. To respect it as such was a part of my earliest training. The impulse of revolt or rebellion never for a moment visited my thoughts. Gontran had spoken; it was enough.

Long ago I began to understand that these apartments communicated with those of some larger building—were, in fact, a portion of its immediate wing. Adjoining Gontran's sleeping-room there is a sort of closet which, as I made up my mind years since, connects with the building I have just mentioned. Through a mysterious door of this closet—a door which I have never even seen—all our food has been conveyed to us, in a cooked condition, Gontran serving it with his own hands. Then, too, from a garden in which I have been accustomed constantly to walk, you can gain a glimpse of what seems the angle of a solid stone mansion, rising far above the lower structure in which Gontran and I have passed so many years. Clearly visible in this bit of massive stonework there are three windows, all with shutters that are dust-covered and solemnly undisturbed.

Except for an occasional chance view, I know nothing of what may be seen from the windows of our own apartments. Gontran has enjoined upon me, from as far back as I can recollect, never to draw the curtains of these windows in winter, and never in summer to move the *jalousies* which have been placed before them. My obedience during childhood was natural enough. And afterward in manhood I preserved it, for reasons which will hereafter be given.

From what knowledge of my unseen fellow-creatures books have taught me (and perhaps, after all, the solitary thinkers, the Obermanns of life, get to know their kind better than those who play more active parts in the "wide and universal theatre"), I have grown certain that Ralph Gontran is a man of men. He is a natural scholar and student, caring nothing for the society of his kind; and yet not a taint of cynical bitterness has ever marred his views of humanity, and no man, I am sure, ever deserved the name of misanthrope less than he. His height of intellectual attainment is very great. It would seem as if the past of the world hid from him no cranny of chronicle, no niche of tradition. In the perpetual society of so gifted and erudite a man, it is not singular that I should have conceived a passion for learning, and that this passion has become the delight of my eventless days. Many a time indeed has my master been compelled to drag me from my books. At one period I had a feverish ambition to equal his own attainments. But after a good deal of solid effort to accomplish this result, I abandoned the task in despair.

"It is of no use," I at length said to him. "You are continually showing me new vistas of culture. From this time henceforth I abandon all hope of rivaling you in knowledge."

A faint smile gleamed upon his pale, dark-eyed face. "My dear Anthony," he replied, in his low, grave voice, "remember the disparity in our ages. Learning is a cold goddess. You have served her well and faith-

fully, but she has rewarded you quite as richly as the term of your service merits."

I find it almost impossible to recall just at what special stage of my unique career Gontran and I first discussed together the peculiar life which we were living. With increase of enlightenment surprise was, of course, engendered by the marked difference between my own lot and that of humanity at large. But it was a surprise of whose slow dawn I find difficulty in recollecting the first dim gleams. Toward my twelfth year, however, our talks on this subject became frequent. I would generally begin them somewhat in the following manner:

"There is a world, filled with people, all about me. It is not far away—I mean that I could reach it very soon, or some portion of it—if I chose. Is not this true?"

"Yes," Gontran would answer, with his gently solemn voice. "You are quite right."

Then, perhaps, I would muse for several moments of silence while he watched me, and at length I would speak again.

"You and I are human beings, just as those others are? Is not this true also, Gontran?"

"Yes, Anthony."

"And we are alike, you and I, except that you are older?"

He would slowly nod. "Except that I am older, that is all."

Once I remember impulsively exclaiming, at some such point in our converse:

"But why are we both shut away from all our fellows? For some time past every book that I have taken up has seemed to ask me that question. Why can I not go abroad and see something of this world that surrounds us?"

"Do you *want* to go?" questioned Gontran, with tones that did not seem his own. They expressed alarm and dread, and I had never till now perceived in him the least sign of either emotion.

"Want to go?" I repeated. "No—not if you prefer otherwise. But it is all such a mystery, such a very puzzling mystery! What does it mean? Tell me!"

I had risen and drawn near to his chair. He had frightened me, though I could not explain the fear. My trust in him had been absolute until this moment. But as I searched his face I seemed to read there some vague yet potent reason for doubt and insecurity. I was still a mere child, of course; my distress had none but a sort of instinctive origin.

"Tell me, tell me," I repeated, scarcely knowing what I said. "Explain to me why I never see anyone except yourself."

Gontran quietly and firmly drew me toward him. I felt the placid power in those dark eyes of his as they now fixed themselves with a steadfast composure upon my own.

"Anthony," he began, "it has been deemed best by those most closely concerned with your welfare that you shall always be kept in retirement just as now."

"Always?" I faltered. "And why?"

"I had expected your question, and am, indeed, prepared for it. Still, I confess that I had not expected it quite so soon. Well, then, my son, the world of which you read in the histories of ancient Greece and Rome—or in those of more recent times—cannot be compared with the world of to-day. Mankind were wicked enough then, but they are far more wicked at this hour. Vice, crime, sin now almost entirely sway them. Those who

have placed you here under my charge are rich, and they have done so with the desire to make your life one of especial comfort. All who have heard of your fate think it a peculiarly happy one—all, I mean, who are themselves blessed with a sense of virtue and honesty. Be thankful, then, that you are so mercifully spared the least contact with evil. Bless your fortunate destiny, and fight against any weariness which it may arouse. And rely upon what I now tell you—that nothing except unhappiness could ever await you beyond these walls in which you at present dwell."

It is hardly a matter of wonder that I listened with eagerness to every word which Gontran spoke, and implicitly believed in its truth. Ah! how humane I now recognize his deception to have been! For deception it undoubtedly was. To those who will read this confession (should any eye save Gontran's ever meet the lines that I write) such an explanation will, of course, prove needless enough!

My guardian having once given me this explanation of my immurement, he never afterward tired of representing it to me in other more persuasive forms, and often with an eloquence which I would silently liken, as I grew older, to that rich yet simple speech flowing from the "clear-tongued haranguer of the Pylians"—him of whom I read again and again in the classical melody of Homeric song.

"And on my own side, Anthony," Gontran would frequently tell me, "I feel like blessing the kindly chance that has made me your protector, and so rid me of the world's worthless and corrupting company."

"And yet," I once objected in answer to some such statement from him, "you do not remain here always. You sometimes depart, leaving me alone for half a day at a time."

Immediately after thus speaking I regretted my words. For an abrupt change at once swept over Gontran's face. He grew considerably paler; he drooped his eyes somewhat flurriedly. An odd haste of utterance, too, showed itself in his answer.

"I—I trust that you are never lonely, Anthony?" he said, "that you never really miss and require me."

"No," I replied, with the prompt candor of perfect sincerity. "How can I be lonely? I always have my books!"

"Right!" exclaimed Gontran, with a brilliant smile breaking sunnily across his countenance—a smile that seemed to indicate glad and genial relief. "Books are more than men, Anthony. *Litera scripta manet*. You know your Latin sages well by this time. Men die but books live—unless they are not worthy of life. Cherish your books—cling to them. You will find everything there—peace, consolation, encouragement, tranquillity. The outer world could never speak to you as Plato does. The babble of living men's voices would strike you as senseless, tame, vapid, beside the grand, sweet truths of your Virgil and your Shakespeare."

All this species of counsel had now become as natural to me as the air that I breathed. I had never seen a human face—never heard a human voice, except those of Gontran. And interpreting our years of close companionship by the new and terrible knowledge which has lately befallen me, I realize that the books which he permitted me to see were all selected with a patient and unerring forethought. The splendidly merciful falsehood to which he made my life subservient was aided in its effect by the most calculated caution in the matter of every volume on which my eyes rested. I understand now (and ah, how much, in a wild, rapid, tumultuous way, I *do* understand now!) that there are

many books into which he would have rightly deemed it perilous for me to gaze. One day I said to him, looking up suddenly from my reading, as he entered the chamber in which I was seated :

"When you are absent for hours, do you see many men and women?"

He had received numerous questions of a like sort from me during recent months. They had appeared at first to embarrass, and sometimes even to startle him; but of late he had met them all with an unvaried self-possession.

"I see very few people, Anthony," he answered.

"Do you see my relations—the people who have placed me here?"

"Yes—always."

"Are my parents living?" I pursued, relentlessly.

I saw him distinctly change color, then. He turned toward a near bookshelf and took from it a volume, evidently at random. But with very slight hesitation he replied :

"Your father is living; your mother died years ago."

My eyes were keenly fixed upon his face now. I saw that it had suddenly grown agitated, and that he was striving to conceal this agitation. But something made me cruel. It was a perverse, willful, reckless mood. It seized me and swayed me with sharp, if transient, force.

I rose from my chair. My look was unflinchingly directed upon his altered visage. "There is some secret connected with my life!" I exclaimed. "Perhaps it is some horrible secret, and if so you should tell me everything. I am no longer a child. I am old enough to hear and to bear the truth. I—"

But the next word died upon my lips. Gontran had swiftly turned, facing me. The book dropped from his hands, and he now outstretched them both, with the pleading of actual supplication.

"No, no, Anthony," he burst forth, in broken and trembling tones. "There is no secret—none! Good Heavens! will you not put faith in me? Will you not believe what I have told you?"

I recoiled before him. All his old accustomed dignity of demeanor was gone. He even appeared to be in straits for breath. I felt myself overcome with a sudden, passionate remorse. There was something dreadful to me in his agitation. I hurried toward him, and caught both his extended hands.

"Gontran!" I exclaimed, "forgive me! I love you too well to grieve you! And I do believe all that you have ever told me!"

He sank into a chair while I still retained his hands. I was greatly distressed by the perturbation which I had caused in him. But he soon recovered from it, and entered into an account, quite composedly given, which concerned my family history. I cannot be sure, considering his recital from my present stand-point of awful discovery, how many of these statements were or were not pitifully fabricated; but if any of them were, I forgive him now from my inmost heart.

Long before that particular interview ended, Gontran was in every way his old, well-ordered self. He even referred to his recent agitation, and in the most controlled manner. "My reasons for feeling alarmed," he said, "were certainly good ones. I fancied that I saw in you the beginning of a rebellious desire to break loose from your present environment—of a foolish discontent with this far preferable life which you are now leading! And I shuddered, Anthony, when I thought what bitter injury might result from so self-willed an impulse!"

I sat near him in silence for some time after he had thus spoken, with bent head and averted eyes. Then, at length, I lifted my gaze, and said, while steadily regarding him :

"Will you answer me one more question? Have you not often bidden me to believe in the infinite wisdom of God?"

"I have always done so," he earnestly responded.

"Very well," I went on, "do you believe that He, as the possessor of such exalted wisdom, would uphold one of His creatures in withdrawing from all the others because of their wickedness? The Bible offers me no teachings of that sort. Indeed we are there enjoined more than once as to mutual love; and it is John the Apostle who writes: '*No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us.*'"

Gontran's face clouded. "I have often told you, Anthony," he said, "that those teachings, noble as they undoubtedly are, do not apply to the present degenerate age. It would be useless for you to give your fellow-beings any love; they would merely return such a gift with their own scorn and hate."

"How frightful!" I murmured. "And how hard to conceive of a wise, benevolent Creator, who permits a state of affairs so wretched!"

"Remember," was the swift reply, "that it is not for us to judge a Sovereignty supremely above us. The mere seeming calamity of the time may be a factor of good in the large universal sum of things. That which eternally is should not be measured by that which passingly seems. And now, my son, in all friendly frankness, let me admonish you to abandon thoughts of this speculative and even irreverent character. Be certain that their indulgence will not add to your peace, if, indeed, it does not hereafter bring you serious mental disturbance."

I endeavored to act upon this advice, feeling sure that it could not emanate from Gontran without being of practical value. But not many days later I found myself assailing him with new questions. He listened, gravely attentive as usual, though I presently saw the firm lines deepen about his mouth, and a troubled yet faint gloom touch his brow. Did he foresee and sadly prophesy some recurrence of our late rather painful discussion?

"A little while ago," I said, "you told me that you rejoiced to be my protector here in this retreat, because by having so become you escaped one society—that of mankind, and attained another, far preferable."

"True," he returned. "The pure, mystic, fascinating society of books."

"Admit," I proceeded, "that you and I are now very happy together. I will indeed grant you that, as regards happiness, I have its best resources at my command. But a fresh thought has latterly presented itself to my mind—a thought which I cannot, and possibly ought not, to refrain from putting into words. Suppose, Gontran, that one of us should die. Your age is greater than mine; your death is hence more apt sooner to occur. In the event of your death, who would succeed to your place? Absolute solitude would be impossible to me. And would not any substitute for yourself—I do not care who it might be—affect me with an intolerable distaste? Surely no one would be found worthy in my own eyes to assume the place which you have held! And as a consequence of such dislike, such mistrust, would not I be forced to seek my fellow-creatures—be forced in some way at least to fraternize with them—to solicit their company?"

Gontran had intently watched me all through the delivery of these few last sentences. But he promptly answered, and as if without dismay or excitement.

"Your questions are not a surprise to me, Anthony," he said. "I expected them sooner than they have really come; and their tardy coming is not a credit to your thoughtfulness."

"I often think more than I speak," was my reply.

"No doubt. I have already seen that this is the case. And now let me directly answer you. In the event of my death, Anthony, I have made full provision for your guardianship. The person whom I have selected is more worthy than I am to fulfill the offices of guardianship."

"Impossible!" I broke in, with impetuous ardor. "You could never have an equal in my eyes. Never!"

As I now review the events of a life which was so devoid of real events, it is hard enough for me to recall the precise period at which I again put a certain telling question to Gontran. But I think that the occasion occurred sometime in my seventeenth year.

"Why," I asked, "have we no looking-glasses in these apartments?"

His glance, though apparently undisturbed, still failed to meet my own while he replied:

"A question which I cannot understand your never having asked me before."

"I have repeatedly thought of having asked it," was my fleet answer; "but you and I have discoursed on so many subjects of far greater importance than this that I——"

"Right, indeed, Anthony!" exclaimed Gontran, while his face brightened as I hesitated. "One of the most debasing vices in the outward world is that of personal vanity."

"Personal vanity!" I repeated.

"Yes," he pursued; "the men and women of to-day have carried this vice to the most revolting excess. And therefore that you may escape the influence of any such flagrant fault, it has been thought advisable to afford you the means of eluding it."

"But surely," I objected, "one should see one's own countenance."

An unwonted intensity went with Gontran's rapid answer.

"Why, Anthony," he broke forth, "should it in any way benefit you to attain such empty knowledge? Your life is peaceful; it is perfect. Let it suffice you to contemplate and study your own mind, your own soul! The deathless motto of Solon has no physical application, be sure. There are such things as spiritual mirrors, Anthony, in which those who will may see themselves reflected. These are liberally hung about your dwelling-place, in the form of lofty and precious reading; and they not only can show you your own mental image in what they reveal of other men's intellectuality, temperaments, dispositions, but they can help you, by the sweet force of example, to re-create, improve, beautify the very image thus revealed."

It is hard for me to recall much more in my strange history that merits even the name of an incident until I come to my twenty-third year. It was then that while I walked, one June afternoon, in my small inclosed garden, a pregnant and vital event occurred which has

formed the first link of a stern and dreadful circumstantial chain.

I have already said that high brick walls quite shut in my garden, giving me no glimpse whatever of the surrounding landscape. In many places, too, thick growths of vine draped, during summer, the dull, lichen-sprinkled red of the brick, in close, green tapestries. On the afternoon of which I now write I had taken a book into the garden, and after finishing my walk along the narrow and circular pathway had seated myself in a certain rustic chair which has been, from my earliest recollections, an unchanged feature of the place. It was a deliciously temperate and breezy day. I opened my book with rather listless fingers; somehow I was in no mood for reading; my eyes wandered here and there while I slowly turned the pages of the volume in my lap. Singularly enough, for almost the first time in my life, I felt the need of something either above or beneath the power of literature to afford me satisfactory pastime; and perhaps I recall this unusual sensation all the more distinctly because of a sudden never-to-be-forgotten discovery which took place very soon afterward.

Just at my elbow, in a spot where the dense vines matted themselves against the wall, I discovered a small aperture, formed, doubtless, by the displacement of one or two bricks. The vines grew so thickly over this opening that it might easily have escaped notice. It may or may not have been there for several years past. In winter the entwined stems could have concealed it from a passing gaze, while in summer the full leafage made it evident only to the nearest scrutiny.

My heart began to beat—I could not at first explain why. But the explanation was soon clear to me. I felt myself tempted to use the aperture as a means of gazing on whatever might lie beyond. The garden had always contained another means of communication with the outside country. This was a kind of low postern door, through which I remember twice or thrice to have seen Gontran disappear and return. But I had never tried its rusty brass knob; I had never felt even the most vague inclination to do so.

Now, however, I was beset with far different feelings. I rose from the rustic seat with my gaze fixed in a sort of fascination upon the aperture. *Gontran was ignorant that it existed.* There lay the secret of all my novel excitement. Incessant had always been my opportunities of going to any one of my windows, displacing their rigidly-folded curtains, and looking forth. But this I had never thought of doing, for this was a thing which I had been disciplined from infancy into avoiding. That little hole in the garden wall was quite unconnected with these years of slow, habitual training—of abstinence that had become a second nature, knit and welded into my regular daily life. It struck a new, sharp note into my monotonous and sober experience. It urged, disturbed, tempted, and yet shocked me. Oh, how slight an event the finding of it will seem to others, and yet how vastly important was it for me! It meant that I might, at will, return with disobedience the devoted injunctions of years. His commands had so long been to me a law and a reverence! Should I disobey them now? Should I not always cherish them, adhere to them, in the sanctity of their disinterested spirit?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE STORY OF A HOPELESS PATRIOT.

CHAPTER V.—THE BINOMIAL THEOREM.

THE carriage was ordered earlier than usual at "The Willows" one morning. When it came to the door, Cotton Mather appeared, followed by Mootla. She was charmingly dressed, though her skirts were a trifle too short for a girl of her age. This peculiarity of her clothing was characteristic of her, for she ran like a deer about the lawn, climbed trees and fences, and could ride any horse that could be bridled. She had resisted all efforts of her companion, the governess, to embarrass her movements with long petticoats. Every act of hers had some trait of femininity in it, however. She never evinced any disposition to play ball, or marbles, or to whistle. She had no boy playmate to imitate. When she climbed a tree, it was to rock in its topmost branches the hydrocephalic doll she constantly lugged about. When she vaulted over a fence, it was in her motherly instinct for the welfare of a stray rabbit, chicken, or Guinea-pig. She was thoughtful and constant in her care, and gentle in her treatment, of the wretched doll and sun-blistered cow of Hindoostan.

But all these diversions had paled, and she was about to try the school-room as a novelty.

The carriage rolled out along the smooth avenue to the main road, where the team settled into a dignified trot.

"I think you will find it very pleasant at the professor's school," the good merchant volunteered.

"Shall I tell you the truth?" the girl asked, with an arch expression in her eyes that would have melted an ogre.

"Certainly, my child."

"Well, then, I don't care whether I like it at Morton's or not. I have a purpose in going."

"You have, eh?" exclaimed the man, surprised and interested.

"Yes, indeed."

"And what may it be, pray?"

"Please don't ask me until I've looked the place over. Then I'll tell you."

"The professor is very clever," suggested Mr. Mather, feeling his way carefully forward into the conversation.

"So I am told."

"He encourages his pupils to study by many ingenious and happy ways peculiarly his own."

"Pshaw! I hate study. I'm not going there to be 'a bump on a log.'"

"What?"

"A benchy?—a book browser."

"Why do you go, then?"

"Ah! that's the secret, my dear, sweet man," she said, realizing that she was cornered. "That's what you are not to ask me."

"Very well, Mootla," answered the merchant, drawing a cigar and lighting it.

He then relapsed into a mental calculation of the future course of the cotton market.

His reverie was interrupted when the carriage turned into the grounds of the Morton Institute of Social and Polite Learning.

Miss Mootla was introduced to the genial old professor, who had a slight acquaintance with Cotton Mather. The real head of the school, Mrs. Morton, was summoned, and after a somewhat lengthy conversation between that lady and the prospective pupil, Mootla was enrolled. Cotton Mather drew his check for a year's tuition in advance, and, after a few words with the good gray professor, joined Mootla in the carriage. The new pupil was to begin her attendance on the following morning.

"Was everything satisfactory?" asked the merchant, as the carriage rolled homeward. He was in excellent spirits, and half inclined to joke with his young ward.

"Perfectly," she rejoined. "They are there."

"Who are there?"

"The Wharton girls. They have bored me for months about this school," said Mootla, frankly. "I wanted to be sure they were on the roll."

"Why, my child, you have not begun to doubt humanity already?"

"Oh! you innocent man. Don't you know that all girls love to lie? It's part of their nature."

"Indeed, I didn't know it."

"Then it's because you've never been a girl."

"Suppose we admit that. What about the Wharton girls?" he asked, almost afraid of some new pitfall.

"They talk of nothing but this place. Professor Morton does not agree with Dr. Silliman; he believes thus, and so," the big, scrawny girl chattered a few days ago at Radney's, and she imitated the unfortunate lisp of the young woman to a nicety. "Then the other pigeon-toed fright generally chimes in, 'The Professor is right, you know.'"

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Worse. They carry it into religion; even quote

the Bible, and say, 'Professor Morton partly agrees with Paul, or Matthew,' for instance. I want to learn something, so I can crush them the next time they talk so."

"You evidently don't love the Wharton girls?"

"No, indeed; and I'll smash them."

"And this is your ambition?"

"It's my present purpose in life."

Then the occupants of the carriage relapsed into silence.

The title of the school was its trade-mark. This institution at South Andiron had been patronized for many years by families in the neighborhood of Boston, who could pay the exorbitant rates which guaranteed its social exclusiveness. Its pupils included day and resident scholars, and while the standard of the curriculum was not higher than at other schools, the Morton Institute deservedly ranked well for the training its pupils received in the usages of good society, and the delicate forms of culture that group themselves under the head of *belles lettres*. On the door-plate, instead of the name of the establishment, was graven the maxim of its chief. The words were: "Study is everything." But the good professor often explained that he interpreted the noun in the sense of "observation," rather than in the abstract sense.

The building was a large, and probably the best preserved specimen of Queen Anne architecture then standing in this country. It had originally been the homestead of a large estate, now completely disintegrated. Interiorly, it differed in almost every respect from the traditional young ladies' seminary. The century that had passed since the house was built had wiped out all traces of its original embellishments and decorations, but the repairs had been regularly and judiciously made, so that the restorations carefully preserved the harmony of the whole structure. The small property on which this grand old house stood at this time was held in trust by a Boston corporation, and so obliging was the administration that the rent barely paid the taxes and cost of repairs.

Professor Hector Morton, Ph. D., who presided over this school, was a man of broad culture, considerable dignity and of charming manners. In stature, he was tall and well shaped. His hair and beard were white, and kept closely cropped. At first sight he might have been taken for an East India officer. Methodical to the verge of eccentricity, he never lost his temper far enough to condemn the absence of the same trait in others. Although a diligent student of science, he was exceedingly fond of the social life existing under his roof.

His wife was a prim little body many years his junior. She fully recognized the necessity of her presence to give propriety to the Doctor's position as an instructor of young ladies. In her way she certainly was invaluable. Her name found place in the catalogue as "Professor of Household Art," and her management of the kitchen and bakehouse had tended quite as much as the learning of Doctor Morton to create the splendid reputation which the school possessed throughout New England. Her breakfasts, dinners and teas were exhibitions of liberality, as well as of culinary art. In the history of the place not a scholar had ever written home in complaint of the food.

Girls at boarding-schools are always hungry. Mrs. Morton knew this, admitted it, and provided plenty to eat. In some respects she was fastidiously neat, but her cleanliness was generally of the sensible, practical kind. She visited the kitchen early each morning, ex-

amined personally the pots, kettles and roasting spits. She never tolerated a slovenly servant, and insisted upon the utmost care and skill from the waiting-maids in placing the dishes upon the table. Bells were never rung in the building. A maid knocked at each door when the hour for rising, or dining, or supping arrived. The family party assembled in the drawing-room, and no one went to dinner until all were present or had sent excuses. Mrs. Morton's duties gave her much real pleasure. She performed them with all the grace and dignity of a matron charged with the social future of a housefull of daughters.

It had been intimated that Doctor Morton had a theory of his own regarding education. His was an attractive as well as practical idea, and its feasibility was evidenced in the many years of thorough trial it had had. In his opinion a school should present the closest possible similarity to the home of thoroughly refined and educated people—men and women who lived abreast of the age.

Every social courtesy of the family was observed at the Institute. From the moment of matriculation to the hour of graduation the young lady pupils were treated precisely as guests on a visit to the house of a friend. To Dr. Morton the rostrum, the form, and the recitation by class were abominations. He abolished them, and, indeed, every other conventionality of the traditional school. The drawing-room, where the pupils generally assembled when the weather was not warm enough to meet in the yard, or on one of the wide porches, was a model of taste. Its easy chairs and sofas were not placed in the same positions two days in succession, and the young ladies, as they entered, took seats wherever they pleased. A rich Axminster carpet covered the floor. The walls, repainted every season, were that year of a pearl-gray tint, with heavy maroon freize and a bottom selvedge of the same color. They were beautified by etchings and photogravures of many famous pictures of the day. This discrimination in favor of faithful reproductions of the work of master hands as against equally cheap "originals" by unknown artists indicated the theory on which the school was founded. Nothing inferior was permitted to find place among the appointments of the institution. These pictures were frequently changed, so that the eyes of the seminarians never grew tired. In one end of the apartment stood a Parian marble cast of the Milo Venus, and at the other a similar copy of the Belvidere Apollo. So firmly was a love of art for art's sake implanted in that house, that prudery never entered.

When the teacher appeared among the scholars, he or she took any chair that was vacant. Especial care was taken to eradicate from the pupil the declamatory style of recitation. The conversation was carried on naturally, and all present were at liberty to take part when others were not interrupted thereby. Public rebuke or censure was never administered, emulation being wholly relied on as the spur to intellectual activity. When a pupil answered incorrectly the instructor simply disagreed with her and stated the other side, offering suggestions that often encouraged original research.

Life at the Morton Institute of Social and Polite Learning passed as smoothly as summer weather. - It was an earthly state in which heart and body were constantly revitalized. The example of the active little woman who acted as Professor of Household Art sufficed to prevent indolence in any form.

The good old professor was the only person under that roof who did not enjoy peace of mind. He had

what his wife described as "a persistent and vexatious intellectual relish for experiment and invention." When the house was quiet he always retired to a work-room in the rear of his study, and light generally streamed from its windows until long after midnight. In that place the professor had fitted up a lathe, and the noise of filing sometimes kept Mrs. Morton awake. Beyond this she was wholly uninformed regarding the task at which her husband was employed, for when she besought him to share the secret of his labors with her, he always answered seriously:

"Be patient, my dear; I'm solving a Binomial Theorem."

Then the gentle woman lost her temper and left his presence abruptly.

CHAPTER VI.

THAT PRETTIEST OF SONGS.

AMONG the most exclusive of the original Crumpet families was the Vreelands. Its people had been Crumpeters for more than a hundred years, and it was affirmed that an ancestor of the line came to New Amsterdam with Governor Stuyvesant.

The living head of the family still had his homestead at Crumpet, but he had a city house in New York also, to which he carried his wife, children and servants every winter. In the metropolis Peter Vreeland was widely known in society. He had a box at the opera, was booked for every first night at each of the fashionable theatres, and drove one of the handsomest teams seen during the sleighing season on Broadway or the King's Bridge road.

The jealous Crumpeters still claimed the Vreelands as part of their community. Villagers are generally avaricious. They hold on to what they once possess of local renown or wealthy people. They lament the migration of any member of their community who reduces the circulating medium. But they are equally as unforgiving toward any man who has spent his early life among them only to make new social alliances in his days of wealth and renown.

The Vreelands dated their line far back of the Rawsons. They even spoke of them as new comers. No two families could have been less alike than these. Both were large land-owners; both were wealthy. But there the similarity ended. The Rawsons, father and son, had been tradesmen, and though Richard Rawson had attained the presidency of a city bank, he continued to manage the half dozen business enterprises with which his name was connected. He was the largest shoe manufacturer in that State, having extensive shops at Cohoes, Crumpet and Poughkeepsie. He was special partner in one of the greatest dress goods houses on Worth Street, and in a leather firm in the Swamp. His name did not appear among the directors of a single benevolent institution. Charity with him began at home and ended there.

Peter Vreeland despised trade. His principal reason for the feeling was not so much family pride as uniform ill luck in every commercial transaction, outside of real estate purchases, into which he had entered. So long as he continued to reinvest his rents in city lots he rarely saw his values depreciate; but the moment he ceased to buy real property he bought experience. His family was one of the very few among the original Crumpeters that never had parted with a single square foot of his possessions. His agents in the City of New York gathered rents on more than one thousand dwellings and shops. He subscribed to every charity; not

because it made him happier to give the money or he cared for the object aided, but because he wanted to show his contempt for a few dollars. He made small loans to his friends for the same reason.

As may be imagined, therefore, the coming of the Vreelands to Crumpet every spring was an event of much local importance. A delay of one week in its return made the small tradespeople nervous and exacting with their perennial customers.

There were several children in the family, but only one of these concerns this story. She was the youngest, the child of old age—Violet. She had been born at Crumpet sixteen years before we first see her, and had always been referred to as "the little country girl." Walter Rawson could not have told when he first knew her. They had met as children at every birthday party given during each summer season, and his claims, as her protector and companion, never had been disputed by any of their playmates. Every winter they were separated—only to be reunited when the grass was green and the sun was warm. From early youth the winters had been bleaker and the summers brighter to them than to most children.

Only the merest bowing acquaintance existed between the Rawson and the Vreeland families. The local prestige of the Rawsons, however, was such that the childish intimacy could not be objectionable to any girl's mother in Crumpet. The two families, nevertheless, affected to be oblivious as to the sociability between the boy and girl.

Such was not the case with Violet's mother. She had carefully informed herself regarding the Rawson estates. Genial, even-tempered Peter Vreeland frankly confessed to his wife that he respected his neighbor, because of the beautiful site the Rawson mansion occupied. It was the worship of money. There is no title to wealth like that which the possession of real property gives, and in the eyes of Father Vreeland the broad acres of the Rawson domain nullified all the tattle that floated about the village regarding the occasional scantiness of ready money in the Rawson household. It was known that Walter had inherited everything belonging to the estate, and Mr. Vreeland was far too sensible a person not to comprehend that this fact would render the young man welcome in any household in Crumpet.

It has of late years become quite the fashion to cast ridicule at youthful love and sentiment. This is often a mistake. It certainly was in the case of Walter and Violet. The mutual delight in each other's company, as children, had grown into ardent devotion. Whether, as a young girl, Violet was wholly unsuspecting of the tender sympathy which Walter manifested for her, Heaven—where alone women are understood—will reveal. Her simplicity and artlessness had not been changed by her city life. Her enjoyment of the hours and days passed with Walter was unmistakable. They kissed each other at meeting and parting with a *naïveté* that disarmed ridicule. It had been their custom for years. As moves the current of a meadow brook, unruffled but always onward, had glided those unreckoned days of awakening love. And this is the passion of youth that has no formal recognition among adult humanity!

It was in the middle of May. The afternoon boat from New York was overdue, and when it was sighted rounding the bend in the river below the village, nearly the entire community had assembled at or near the landing. It was the day on which the Vreelands returned to Crumpet for the season. Walter Rawson

sprang aboard the steamer to welcome Violet, whom he had already recognized standing on the upper deck. The Vreeland family received him with courteous formality; but Violet, being the centre of so many eyes, could only return the warm pressure of his hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Vreeland drove up the hill to the homestead in the family carriage awaiting their arrival; but Walter and Violet preferred to make their way in the same direction more slowly on foot. Walter told her, in a few brief sentences, of his joy at her return to Crummet, and Violet as frankly confessed her happiness at rejoining him. He told her of the long and dreary winter, of the ice-boats on the river, of the strike among his cobblers, of a smash upon the railway. While he rattled on she watched him, hearing little of his story, caring nothing for the ice-boats, ignorant of the wrongs of cobblers, heedless of the terrors of the rail. Her thoughts were busy. Never doubting that he loved her, she turned at nearly every step, and gazed into his manly face with girlish rapture.

When he spoke about the future, his were words of earnestness. First, of himself. The winter had been passed in diligent preparation, with a tutor's help, for entrance to Harvard the coming autumn. Far away, he would often write her. He hoped to rejoin her here at Crummet every summer. This, to her, was a theme of interest. Not a syllable escaped her, not a promise of the future but was treasured in her heart.

The young lovers made the road to the Vreeland mansion as long as possible, and separated with reluctance at the door.

Whatever may have been his intentions when they parted, Walter could not keep away from the girl he loved. He re-entered the grounds about the homestead after dusk, rang the door-bell, and asked for Violet. Her mother received him, and offered some excuses. A young girl needed rest after such a journey.

Walter stated his case with considerable firmness for so young a man. With more frankness than he could have been capable of had he been older, he pictured the desolation of the village when Violet was away, and the happiness her return inspired.

"The dear girl can rest all day to-morrow," he began.

When this point in the colloquy was reached, Violet came bounding down the stairs and into the room. Walter rose quickly, and she checked herself almost within his embrace. Blushing slightly she held out her hands, and Walter seized them. Without a trace of awkwardness, Walter took Violet impulsively in his arms and kissed her. Then he remembered that Mrs. Vreeland was in the room. He was doubly sure of it, because she coughed and beat her fan impatiently against her knuckles. The act was so bold, so defiant, that the mother was secretly delighted with the young man, though she tried very hard to frown. Violet was first to recover her self-possession. This open recognition of Walter's claims made her courageous. Before Mrs. Vreeland had found her voice, Violet asked permission to walk with Walter about the grounds; and, as if insubordination had run riot, she seized her hat and hurried out of the door. Walter lost no time in joining her, and, watched by the matron through the open windows, the young lovers strolled away into the moonlight, arm in arm.

Mrs. Vreeland sighed as she realized the import of what had just occurred before her eyes. Already Violet loved another better than her mother.

"Do you really miss me during your winters in the city?" Walter asked, tightening his pressure on the arm which was linked within his own.

"I certainly should were it not for that mysterious institution called the United States mail. I bless it every time your greeting comes."

They walked slowly, for they had so little to say and so much to think about. Walter noted every change of tone in Violet's voice, and where the trees were thickest and the moonlight scarcest he held her closest, that she might not be afraid. Finally he burst out in the rapturous words:

"You are the prettiest thing in this world."

"I'm glad you think so, Walter," was her answer.

"Sweeter, prettier, too, when you blush."

"But I'm not blushing."

"You did a minute ago."

"Well—every girl blushes when kissed in her mother's presence."

"Why should she? Our mothers have all been kissed."

"But they are dreadfully in the way when a girl has a lover—the best of them."

"Still you're not angry with me for what I did?" and he moved a trifle closer that he might not fail to hear her reply.

"No, indeed," she exclaimed, her heart beating so that every nerve in her body thrilled with joy. "It was the proudest moment of my life."

"Bless you for that," exclaimed Walter. "Forty mothers couldn't have stopped me."

Violet's was a simple heart. She knew nothing about "destiny," never had heard the word "fate," but saw life only as it unrolled itself before her narrow and imperfect vision.

The same bell on the court-house that years before had been rung to call the villagers from their beds to search for him, was striking some hour when Walter brought Violet back to the front porch. In the light of the hall lamp she looked more beautiful than she had ever appeared to Walter's eyes.

They bade each other "good-night," but Violet stood at the open door and watched Walter's retreating figure until it could no longer be separated from the gloom. The memory of each other kept their hearts warm that night.

What a pretty song is youth!

CHAPTER VII.

THE INSTINCT OF TRADE.

A PART of New York did not grow cosmopolitan with the rest of the city. Its small tradesmen have been for half a century conservative and cautious. "Enterprise" they decried because it was so often synonymous with "failure." Bankruptcy was to their minds the unpardonable offense. A trace of superstition also existed among them. They shunned, as accursed, a "stand" in which disaster had overtaken a shopkeeper. On its door-posts gleamed the insignia of financial death, and the mark, invisible to the world at large, was carefully pointed out by the father to the son who was to succeed him.

Recall the region bordering the North River to and including Greenwich Street, and stretching from the great city market northward to Harrison Street. Save that a few large wholesale grocers and tobacconists have located among the petty shopkeepers, the section is much as it has been for three generations. But

the new-comers are a foreign population, ignored even to this day. The natives and their descendants cling like barnacles to their original freeholds.

For the accommodation of this class the Limestone Bank had been founded, and the scrupulous integrity of its officers had established it in the confidence of the most suspicious and mercenary community that the sun shines on. The fact that its officers were rarely men of popularity outside the neighborhood increased the feeling of security among the depositors. For them to be satisfied was enough.

The prejudices and superstitions of the locality have been mentioned. An interesting example may be cited. It was conceded, for instance, that an eating-house (the word "restaurant" has never been engrafted there) could not "live" at Greenwich and Fulton Streets. However much these shrewd people may have differed among themselves regarding politics, or religion, or the keeping of the odd half cent in retail trade, on this one point perfect harmony of belief existed.

They reasoned from experience, and stated their premises with all the accuracy of the founder of that school of logicians. Experience had grown with years. Failure after failure had occurred in this locality. In some cases the shops had begun buoyantly, in others hopelessness had been confessed from the start, but the climax had always been the same. Of late years there seemed to have arisen a passion to feed the people of the neighborhood. With some it certainly was a dream, an infatuation—just as the unattainable often is.

An honest fellow named Anderson devoted every dollar bequeathed him by a sturdy parent to the self-sacrificing undertaking. But, beginning as proprietor, he ended by becoming head waiter to his successor, who took the place for debt. Less theoretical and fully cautioned as to his task, Warnap, the assignee, lowered the moral tone of the business by adding a bar, reduced the prices of his dishes and the quality of his food; but in a few months his notes went to protest. These obligations were held by persons in other parts of the city, for still another bond of freemasonry existed here. However much the tradesmen cheated their customers or undersold each other, no credit was accorded "to the man at the corner." The dairyman was the only person who took any chances, and he "johnnied" the milk in the expectation that he would lose a week's bill when the crash came.

Thus had local history vindicated itself until the mere appearance of a stranger before the closed doors of the disastrous "stand" evoked nods of distrust between one tradesman and another. The house had been closed several months, for the proprietor had eaten strychnine on his last chop, broiled over his last bucket of coals.

The sensation may be imagined when, one spring morning, a pleasant-featured man of middle age was seen inspecting the place. A murmur of suspicion at once ran through the street. The tradespeople, emerging from behind their counters, stood in their doors to look him in the face. His appearance was reassuring, and not a little sympathy was expressed for the new comer when it was known that he was both a stranger to the city and the locality. Everybody, even to the house agent who had the premises to rent, pitied the man.

The stranger apparently cared not for his neighbors' curiosity. He was evidently a cautious man. He examined the exterior of the building from the edge of the sidewalk; he ascended to the upper floors, and even to the roof; he descended and critically calculated the

capacity of the cellar. The poverty of the fittings in the restaurant did not seem an object of particular interest. Indeed, it was known before nightfall that he had said to the clerk, who had shown him over the building, "Many changes must be made."

Mr. William Gilroy (that was the stranger's name) made his bow to the neighborhood; he walked up to the front window and tore down the placard: "TO LET."

Naturally enough Gilroy's stability was distrusted. The carpenter, who was summoned on the following day to refit the building, called in several assistants and finished the job with the greatest despatch in order that he might ask for his money while the new proprietor's purse was full. To the journeyman's surprise his account was paid promptly, although he had charged double the usual price in the fear of having to take a large balance in instalments.

The painter across the thoroughfare (for Gilroy believed in utilizing the mechanics of his neighborhood) gave the interior of the chop-house a new coating of paint, and was paid before it dried.

These facts, once well authenticated, were gratifying and inspired confidence.

Within a few days the most enterprising butcher in the neighborhood called to pay his respects, and finished by asking if he might not execute the orders of the establishment for meat. The offer was accepted, but coupled with the particular injunction that "bills must be rendered every Saturday."

Such was the magic of these words that they were soon known to every tradesman on the street, and Gilroy's fame and credit rose in proportion.

The house was opened in a style that caused all his neighbors to marvel. Prices were reasonable—even low; everything was good, well served, and the business thrived from the first day. Expenses had no terror for the new and enterprising proprietor.

And now, as to the man himself. Gilroy was exceedingly companionable. He made friends even faster than he appeared to be making money, and the directors of the Limestone Bank (owning the building Gilroy occupied) were delighted that they had secured a tenant financially safe and practical in his management. Gilroy even became intimate with the cashier of the bank, a very capable man named Samuel Catesberry.

Every Sunday morning found Gilroy at the neighboring church. The minister bowed to him, and the wardens gave him a smile of friendly recognition—he always placed money on the plate. He was not one of those persons who to-day put a trade dollar in the contribution box, which passes for a hundred cents with the Lord, but is good only for eighty-five with their fellow-men. He often gave gold—gold that rang and glittered.

The improvements in the house continued. So poorly was the cellar arranged for storing away vegetables that Gilroy called in a carpenter, whose shop was near by, and had two strong partitions built entirely across the cellar. When this work was completed the narrowness of the cavity formed between the two walls suggested to the proprietor its conversion into an ice bin; and, as a matter of fact, on the following day he ordered the sawdust in which the cooling substance was to be packed.

The building around the corner, on Fulton street, the rear of which abutted on the one occupied by the restaurant, contained a liquor saloon on the ground floor, a billiard room on the second, and a dancing academy on the third story. This place became very offensive to

Mr. Gilroy. So, after some delay, he secured the unexpired term of the tenant's lease and closed up "the den of iniquity."

This act of Mr. Gilroy was very satisfactory to the respectable neighbors. The bank officials were delighted, for, by this act, a growing fear that they had entertained regarding their sporting neighbors of the

bar and the billiard-room was banished. The name of Gilroy, in a few short months, became a tower of strength, and the trustees slept more soundly now that his holdings enfolded their property—for the bank building was the corner one. In all his dealings Gilroy acted honorably, and fully deserved a title bestowed by his familiars—"Sanguine Billy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MODERN ART IDEA.

UNFORTUNATELY for art, all mankind were born its critics. Almost all the other branches of learning—science, literature, music, the drama—are admitted to require some knowledge and experience upon the part of their judges; but art is a something with which we all have a familiar acquaintance. We can all tell whether a thing "looks natural" or not, and that according to the *ipse dixit* of nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand is the only canon of art criticism that can by any possibility be applied. Of all the people who throng our picture-galleries during the winter months, scarce one but feels himself or herself fully equal to the occasion of delivering a critical judgment upon any "audacious piece of painting" which may be exposed to public view. They all know because they have all summered in the Adirondacks and by the seashore, they have been abroad, and they have studied humanity on the street, in the ballroom, and over the dinner-table. Miss Fanny and Young Hopeful have seen nature with their own eyes, and no artist can hoax them in the matter of how nature looks. If in a spirit of flattery you chance to say to your friend who is examining a gallery of paintings with you that he must be a fine judge of pictures after all his foreign travel and gallery "doing," he will modestly reply: "Oh no, I don't know anything about art; but I can tell whether a picture looks like anything I have ever seen before." And this is the echo of Miss Fanny, Young Hopeful, and the nine hundred and ninety-nine. This is the Procrustean bed upon which each picture is stretched. This is the law of guidance for the critical many. Where did they get it? By what strange law of reason did they evolve the conclusion that the aim of art was the imitation of nature? Whence came the idea that a picture should look like something they had seen instead of like something the painter had seen?

To the large majority a hackneyed maxim is a strong argument; an ancient idea is a truism and a tradition or superstition is a matter of historic fact. The advice of Hamlet to the players, "hold the mirror up to nature," has been quoted again and again as a maxim and an argument to support nature's most stupid and commonplace things. The advice is bad, because of bad results that follow its application. Neither Hamlet or his players, before or since Shakespeare's day, or even Shakespeare himself, ever held the mirror up to nature, or ever attempted to do so, without making stage dummies of themselves. Again the ancient tradition regarding Holbein that before he left Basle, in order to show his ability as a painter, he painted a fly on the forehead of a portrait so true to nature that the owner tried to brush it away, has become a historic

fact to most people, and proves to them beyond a doubt that the aim of painting is to delude the spectator into believing that he sees reality instead of a picture. And so again the realism of primitive art has drifted down through the ages, and is to the many the truism of to-day. To them photographic accuracy or inaccuracy in rendering the facts of nature makes up the excellence or mediocrity of a painting. What wonder then that the traditions, legends and maxims, forming to this same majority the art-teaching of the past, should leave its impress upon the education of the present! What wonder that the doctrines of past ages should warp the judgment of the self-constituted critic in these modern times! A hurried survey of some historic origins will not be amiss here even if it only show from whence sprung this art idea of the present populace.

The history of the world has been divided up into many ages to suit the convenience of history, geology, literature and metaphysics. These divisions of the ages meet the requirements of the various subjects for which they were made; but they will not be of service in illustrating the history of art, and so for the purposes of this paper I choose to make my own illustration by dividing art history into three ages: the age of facts, the age of awakening or the transition period, and the age of ideas. The first of these may correspond to Fichte's metaphysical age of instinct, or in geology to the stone age. It was the period of the beginning of human existence, when man, a little better than the brute, lived like the animal, and was in mind, soul and spirit literally nothing. To primeval man life was a living fact untinged with any fancy. He lived by the chase, dressed in skins, dwelt in caves, and eating, drinking, and sleeping made up the sum and substance of his existence. Comparatively speaking, ideas or reason never entered into his head. He possessed a certain degree of intelligence which might be called superior brute instinct. By the aid of this poor intelligence he made himself weapons of defence, discovered fire, moulded pottery, and attempted, in a crude, childish way, the graphic arts. In the cave of Massat was found the first attempt at drawing by man of the stone age. It is simply a scratching on stone of a rudely outlined mammoth. It possessed no idea, but is simply the memorandum of a fact, as well done perhaps as the draftsman was capable of doing. Facility of hand grew with the years, and in the age of bronze and iron are found many of these records of facts graven on stone, marked upon bark, and moulded in rudely made pottery. But they simply record a something that the men of the age saw. They never stood as a record of anything the men of that age thought about, for primeval man did not do much thinking, and still less recording of ideas.

The second age, for lack of a better name, I have called the awakening or transitory age, because of the beginning of the growth of thought. In the first age was the development of blood, bone and sinew, and in the second age began the development of mind. Man commenced to look about him; he saw beyond the petty orbit of his every-day life. At first he simply recognized facts, but now he came to query the cause of these facts. The sun, moon and stars, the earth, the sea and sky were sequences beyond which he looked to learn the cause. Out of this sprang the first religions, the first philosophies, the first histories, the first sciences. In art the pure realism of facts still existed. The bulls and lions of the Assyrian palaces, the massive bas-reliefs, the chariots and horses, the war-dogs, the battle-scenes, the processions, with overhanging flabella, were all transcripts of facts, or at least as near to them as the limited abilities of the sculptors would permit. The same was true of Egyptian art. The frescoed walls and tombs were but records of deeds done in the flesh. The crude flat surface frescoes were as well conformed to nature as they knew how. But in Egyptian sculpture a phase of thought began to make itself manifest. It became apparent in the colossal statues of the Pharaohs, where the attempt at literature and portraiture also contained the idea of Pharaonic dignity, repose, grandeur, solemnity. Here began the awakening of thought, and the embodiment of idea in art. The Pharaoh

"Descended of the sun-god Ra,
Beloved of Durnu and of Ptah,"

was represented in repose and dignity, as the Egyptians supposed Osiris might have looked. Further on we find this same idea in art coming forth in the various figures of the Egyptian Pantheon, Arven-Ra, Anubis, Isis, Horus, Set-Typhon; each figure representing the attributes of the particular god or goddess. And still further on came the hieroglyphics, wherein the figures of animals, birds, men and other facts of reality became the symbols of ideas and the interpreters of thought in language.

This second age reached its high pitch of power in Greece. The keen intelligence of the Greeks was not confined alone to the forming of those famous philosophies over which the world has wrangled and quarreled for a thousand years. They found other means of expressing thought than by speech in the academic groves and stylus marks on dressed skins. They had ideas of beauty, and chose to embody them in marble. The forms of Greek art are literal facts. The athletic gladiators and the most beautiful women furnished the models for the sculptor's marble. Yet within the fact there is a thought—small, inferior and insignificant as compared with the beauty of the fact itself, yet nevertheless a fact. Witness this as in Egypt in the statues of the gods and goddesses; Jupiter with his front of majesty; Pluto with his dusky frown; Bacchus the drunkard; Juno, Neptune, Venus and the whole host of Olympus. It is unnecessary to trace out the development of this second period. Those who lived in it accepted the facts of their predecessors, improved in the representation of these facts by great technical skill of hand, and added to this an idea which was not remarkable in itself except as marking the transition period from facts to ideas. The Greeks never placed much value upon an expressed idea in art, but laid great stress upon the pure, objective beauty of the thing represented. It was their aim to reproduce reality, and if they could improve upon it by the addition of some ideality they did it. How long this classicism of the Greeks and Romans held sway, and

how potent its influence, even to this day, is too well known to call for repetition here.

The third age in art history—the age of ideas—corresponds to the Positive age of Comte and the age of Reason of Fichte. It is that period in which we live at present, dating back a hundred years or more. The students of religion, philosophy, science, and art, to use a borrowed metaphor, are all seeking the kingdom of the air. The brawn of arm, so necessary in the man of the stone age and the gladiator of the awakening age, has passed away, and given place to the necessity for brawn of mind. Facts are absolutely dead, useless rubbish, of which the world knows all that it cares to know. What is now wanted is not the facts themselves, but thoughts about facts. The reality that the sun shines in the heavens, that the apple falls from the tree to the ground, that the tides rise and fall in mid-ocean, is not sufficient nowadays. It must be known why and wherefore it is so. The idea regarding it is of more value than the fact itself. So, again, the thought of a life beyond this is more to us than the present realization of existence; the reason of a law is of more value than the law itself; it is better for us to know why we do right than the simple doing of it.

The reign of reason, the supremacy of thought and ideas, and their great value over the things that give rise to the ideas, is self-evident in this modern age. It crops out in all branches. In art, Claude Lorraine was among the first to catch this new truth and incorporate it in his painting. He struck the first blow at realism, and placed idealism (and by "idealism" I mean thought, not fancy,) upon the throne. But, a century afterward, came Louis David, who deposed idealism and substituted the realism of the Greeks again, *i. e.*, beauty of form, not beauty of thought. At last came Millet, Corot, Rousseau, and the modern French school. They came singing a new song, and preaching a new evangel, founded upon the metaphysics of beauty. They restored and emphasized the truth of Claude, that the aim of art was the expression of an idea. They preached the doctrine *contra* realism, that the beauty of a picture lay in the idea expressed through forms, and not in the forms themselves. To them no imitation of the beautiful in form was equal to the expressed beauty of human thought. They believed that the object of art was to create a pleasurable emotion; that poetry (its spirit, not its form,) was, in every sense, one of the strongest of emotive powers, and that it could be conveyed to the spectator by the painter's brush as readily as by the writer's pen. The world knows the history of their struggle, and it pretends to know the history of their triumph. It does not seem to know, however, that the struggle is being carried on to this day by their disciples, not only in France but in America. It does not seem to know that the traditions and maxims of realism, and the preachments of its teachers, are rampant to this day, and that the struggle of nineteenth century art is against the nine hundred and ninety-nine who enter the picture galleries and pass judgment, good or bad, upon the pictures according as they are literally true or false to the forms of nature. It is not surprising, then, that occasionally the discouraged disciple turns away with a sigh, exclaiming with his master: "Oh, if I could only make men look beyond, to the soul that lies within the shell-like form of nature, then would they see that perfect *spirit* which is unto the forms of nature—as the soul of man is unto the body of man—a thing of life and beauty, incomparably greater."

The new gospel of the modern painters—teaching an

immortal art, not by the rendition of forms, but by the development of idea, soul, spirit—has gathered to itself many converts, and some of these advocate the cause to its gain, and others, again, to its loss. Among the latter host stand those who believe in a combination of idealism and realism, or, to put it plainly, they believe that the aim of art is to convey poetic ideas, but insist that these ideas can be best conveyed through the literal forms of nature. Prominent among the advocates of the combination stands Mr. Ruskin, who says, in substance: "Paint nature precisely as you see it, and the picture will contain the idea, the poetry, and the soul of nature, together with her forms." And Mr. Ruskin is right; but will any one but a poet see the poetry? Will the nine hundred and ninety-nine see anything but the forms? Let us take the valiant and critical nine hundred and ninety-nine into the presence of nature herself. Show them some fair landscape and in it they will see trees, woods, mountains, lake, meadow, sky, water, and they will see nothing else. It is there, but they cannot see it. They may not see poetry in nature, because they are not poets. They are all like Peter Bell:

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

They see no poetry in the original, how then shall they see it in the imitation?

Is, then, the appreciation of art confined alone to the poets? Not by any means. The nine hundred and ninety-nine are quick to catch the spirit of nature when the poet stands at their elbow and whispers these "groves were God's first temples." This bank is

"Where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows."

And here, at night, upon its slope the pale moonlight loves to sleep, while Titania and her fairy train hold revels mid the flowers. This brook is something more than water; it is the symbol of nature's unending motion. From its basin of rocks in the mountain it goes laughing down to the sea—the very embodiment of careless, flowing happiness. See the faces peering out of the watery mirror of the pool—sprites, naiads, loreleys, faces living and faces dead. And see, along the margin of the pool, the bowers wherein

"The wood nymphs, decked with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep."

The grass is the carpet of the earth, spattered with brilliant flowers; the air is the ether of the gods; the sky the golden canopy of heaven, and the stars are its diamond spangles of light. Again, take the same party down to the sea-shore, and they will behold the same identical scene the birds and beasts look upon. They see little, if anything, more than a waste of water, similar to that in New York harbor, except in size. They see the meeting of the cloud and sea; the long, low shore; the flying scud; the breaking waves, and that is all. But the poet again aids their vision. He tells them that the ocean is the vast "heaving image of eternity, going forth dread, fathomless, alone." The

"Mirror where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempest."

With this interpretation—with this new sight—how quickly do they see the grandeur of it all. They saw but forms before, but now they see the spirit of the whole, for nature's best interpreter is the poet. One

more instance. Place the same spectators before the living face of Beatrice Cenci, and will they see anything beneath the external features? Will they trace remorse, hatred, love, fear, anguish, in the thought that lies hid beneath the pallid brow? Ah, no; the poet must translate that. And when he shall say that

"In her eyes there brooded
A shadow of a crime,
A sullen look of shame,
A secret sense of wrong,"

then they will see and read the soul of thought within her eyes. Since, then, the facts and forms of nature possess no poetry, except to that one man in a thousand, the poet, how is it possible that the counterfeit presentment of those facts and forms should possess poetry? If we ever arrive at the truth, which at times seems doubtful of accomplishment, we shall find that great art is not a servile copy, or imitation, but a glowing translation—a poetic interpretation. We shall learn that the artist-poet is that man who, seeing through form and fact the *spirit* of nature, dashes down upon canvas what things he sees, and produces a great poem, a great masterpiece.

How then shall the poetry of nature be expressed on canvas, since it cannot be done by reproducing the literal facts and forms of nature? And this is a question which the life-long study and accomplishments of the modern painters can best answer. It will be remembered that nineteenth century painting is but a means to convey an idea. That it effects us through the sense of sight in the same manner that music does through the sense of sounds, or flowers through the sense of smelling. The painting before us can, at the best, but be suggestive of reality and not the reality itself. A picture that in its entirety suggests to the mind one idea has, according to every law of æsthetics and common sense, fulfilled all its capabilities. To present more than one idea is to bring about confusion, lack of unity, and necessarily a lack of comprehension on the part of the spectator. In the presentation of this one idea, no matter howsoever slight it may be, if the idea is sufficiently suggestive of the poetry of the reality to awaken within us pleasurable emotions, then the canvas is a picture, and has accomplished its proper end and purpose. Convey the idea, suggest the thought of the spirit of nature, and the suggestion is worth more than all the reproduced realities of fact and form ever placed upon canvas. And slight withal may be a hint that shall convey an idea:

"It may be a sound,
A tone of music, summer's eve or spring,
A flower, the wind, the ocean,—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

The simple carol of a bird falling upon the ear of the prisoner in the dungeon of Chillon "said a thousand things" of beauty, and brought back his mind from madness. A single violet brought to the invalid is an instantaneous suggestion of the warm days of spring, the trees, the woods, the meadow, and the soft south wind

"That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

And so it is in painting that oftentimes a slight and trivial thing—a flower, a tree, the wind, the wave, the sky, the cloud, the human face—may contain more suggestive poetry than the whole gorgeous panorama of nature outstretched before us. Our modern painters found out very soon that to make each trivial type and

feature in a canvas convey an idea and be poetic was quite impossible because of the confusion of a multitude of ideas, the lack of simplicity of thought, and the detraction from the attractiveness of one idea by the corresponding excellence of another idea beside it. Experience—a hard, bitter, struggling experience—taught them the impossibility of combining many excellences in one canvas. It taught them a law of dramatic force and composition. It taught them to locate all their strength and force upon one feature; to bring out, even to exaggerate, that feature at the expense of every other feature in the canvas; to present the poetry of one idea with great force, and to let it stand as a suggestion of the whole.

Again and again did Corot try to paint out in detail all the objects of nature as they were in reality. It was in vain that he tried to combine realism with poetry. Where he succeeded in likening nature, he lost in sentiment. At last, with failure after failure before him, he gave up the attempt and turned all the strength of his great poetic genius upon painting the light of morning. Then came success even beyond expectation. He made the light the central object, and as the spokes of a wheel converge toward the hub, so did Corot bend all the facts and forms and energies of reality toward the aiding and accomplishing of this one purpose—the expression of the poetry of light. One of his masterpieces is the "Orpheus," a large canvas filled with the splendor of early morning; and yet when it was exhibited in New York last winter, how did the now-familiar nine hundred and ninety-nine receive it? They looked for trees and leaves, and found but a suggestion of these. They looked for blades of grass, and again saw only suggestiveness. They looked for a figure of Orpheus, and saw but the rude form of a man with an uplifted harp. They turned away exclaiming: "It is not natural." It did not look to them like anything they had ever seen before, and they never stopped to think if it might look like anything Corot had ever seen. And worse than all, they never saw the light standing

"Tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

That beam which was and is the one and only strong power and beauty of the morning was overlooked. Poor critics, like Humpty Dumpty they lit a match to search for a lighted lantern, and after all they never found it. They were so busy looking for the exact forms and facts of a lantern that they never saw its light. Strange that they should look for realities instead of idealities, literal facts instead of glowing fancies.

If from Corot we turn away to the Englishman Turner we shall find that the light of evening and the brilliancy of sunset clouds possesses a poetry as strong and even more sublime in its majesty and splendor than the early light of morning. To Turner the "brave o'erhanging firmament 'was' a majestic alroof fretted with golden fire;" and to paint the arch in all the glowing splendor of sunlight was his chief aim. The rich beauties of sunsets, with their gorgeous reflections on the clouds, had for him a special attraction. Indeed "a Turner sky" is nowadays a hackneyed phrase used to express great brilliancy and warmth of color. To be sure, Turner was not so unmindful of other ideas and forms in picture as he might have been; yet his sunsets, with their splendid flashes of dying nature still remain the central features of his canvases.

Coming back now to France and the French painters, we shall see another phase of nature in the canvases of

Chintrieul, "the poet of the dews and mists." He was not unlike Turner in depicting the beauties of the sunset, though he is chiefly known by his pastorals of the freshness of dawning day, the rising clouds and the scattering mists that creep up the valleys and hide away in shady nooks from the coming light of day. These scenes, with rainy atmospheres, were his chief delight, and into them he threw a mystic poetry entirely different from Turner. It was more of a quiet pastoral nature, and had to do with the cool air, the wet grass and the singing birds of early dawn. Like the majority of geniuses, he waited until old age for recognition, and when it came—he died.

There is another modern painter whose name is upon every one's lips, and whose works are so well known that an illustration of them will be easily comprehended by all. Jean François Millet was a painter of poetry, but in another department of nature from Corot, Turner, and Chintrieul. Corot painted the light of morning, Millet the poetry of toil. The sentiment of Millet's painting has been characterized many times, and his celebrated "Sower" has been used for illustration by every pen; yet I shall not, for the sake of novelty, take a newer and poorer illustration.

If we examine the canvas closely, we shall not find any minute or literal fidelity to the facts of nature. In fact there is not even truth to nature. The color is sombre and unnatural; the light of the sky distorted; the textures are not particularly well rendered; and the figure of the sower is only fair as a piece of drawing. Do not mistake this for lack of skill on Millet's part to produce something entirely different from a technical standpoint. If the surroundings are "indifferent honest," it is because Millet so intended them to be. He husbanded up his whole store of strength that he might put soul, life, poetry and motion in the solitary figure. See him with his never-tiring, never-ending swinging motion, as across the dim-lit landscape over the ground he scatters the seed. You can scarcely see his face and features. You would not know his likeness. You would hardly recognize his style or quality of garments. Yet something there is in this dim outlined face and form, and in the motion of the figure, which tells the tale of the toiler of the fields, who mutely, like the camel with his load, toils on, toils on, while the wife weeps, the children beg, and the world reaps the harvest of his labor. There never was a more passionate poem of the down-trodden and oppressed, the poor and the lowly, than "The Sower" of Millet. How is it possible for any one with this burning eloquence of poetry before him, to stop and question if these facts and forms be true to nature! Who cares whether they be true or false, fact or fiction, so that the idea, the thought, the soul be shining from the canvas. The means and methods of expression are nothing as compared with the thought expressed, which is the end. Is the poetry of Pentaour less grand for having been written in hieroglyphics, or the wisdom of Solomon less wise for having been spoken in Hebrew? The pearl of thought is everything; the shell in which it came is worthless, except as a receptacle for the pearl.

There is another poet-painter of humanity who may be chosen for illustration—Edouard Frère, the founder of the so-called "sympathetic school." Like Millet and Breton, he has taken for his subjects the scenes and circumstances of humble life, and above all things he loves to paint the poetry of childhood. His strongest sympathies are with children. Their trials and sorrows, their joys and pastimes are all his own. He thinks, feels, acts, and expresses on canvas with exquisite

grace and tenderness the whole poem of the little life "wrapped up in summer dreams." There is no artist in literature precisely comparable to Frère in art. Perhaps some of the beautiful children of Dickens are the nearest approach to his creations. They are both ideal creators; men who record their thoughts regarding children rather than the children themselves. All the world knows how beautiful these recorded thoughts are; the world knows how insignificant and uninteresting are all the characters that surround them; and it knows what strength and force both Dickens and Frère have thrown into the children of their fancy. I am not unaware that both novelist and painter have generally been considered realists. Yet the objection has been brought to both that they do not reproduce nature. It is true that they have not always done so, and let us be thankful that it is so, since they have both produced consummate art—a thing of vastly more beauty and value in itself than any niggled imitation of nature. It is scarcely worth while to show, by illustration after illustration, the thoughts and beliefs of the creators of the modern art-idea of idealism. Hamon, the idealist of the fairies and their mythology, with a dozen others who have chosen particular branches of nature, and thought out its poetry for delineation, could furnish a variety of examples to carry out the argument; and I have not spoken of the great Rousseau, Daubigny, Breton, Troyon, and their host of followers. All these men have exemplified their thoughts

and beliefs on canvas. Their creed and confession was and is simply the belief that no fact, or form, or beauty of nature could equal the beauty of human thought regarding that nature. To express the thought, and make the gem valuable for itself, and not for its setting; to show through form the spirit; to use the forms of reality for the expression of an idea; this was their one and common aim. They have succeeded, and yet they have not succeeded. Those who have spent their lives in the study of art have recognized them as the greatest of modern painters; yet the world—the great majority—can see nothing but impudent assertion in their pictures. That they fail to detect the great excellence of these men is due almost entirely to the teaching of realism, and the irradicable belief in the facts of nature as they—the great majority—see them. To them a thing of beauty must be a thing of nature, and this faith is bolstered up by misquoting Shakespeare about the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Moreover, the beauty must be objective, must be in nature itself; and to them the modern idea of the beauty of thought regarding nature is a metaphysical absurdity.

Poor critics! The purblind mole never sees beyond his narrow form, and the critical nine hundred and ninety-nine, like Newton's child, content themselves with finding pretty shells and smooth pebbles by the sea-shore, while the great ocean of truth lies undiscovered before them.

T. C. VAN DYKE.

A WHITE SQUALL.

Oh, never a fear of storm had they—

The merrily vaunting crew!

Fair cheeks they kissed that golden day,
In a blaze of summer they floated away,
Their snow-sailed shallop crossed the bay,
And the breezes softly blew.

Sweet-chattering maidens, full of glee,
Stood, fluttering kerchiefs white;
"Their lines shall riot far and free,
Shall capture your beautiful tribes, O sea!
Till slow and heavy the shallop will be,
That is now so swift and light.

"But tides will over the beach be rolled,
The gathering swells will roar;
And, out of the wonderful deeps cajoled,
All out of the far-down gardens trolled—
Whose flowers are purple, and pink, and gold,
Will the sea-trout come to shore."

Alas! but a white squall rode that day

On fields of burnished blue;
The shallop was caught and whirled astray,
Was caught, keeled over, and tossed away—
No more it floated across the bay
With a merrily vaunting crew.

And ah, for the beautiful tribes foretold
Its glittering freight to be!
Salt billow on billow above them rolled,
They roamed through purple, and pink, and gold,
Aye, over the fishermen still and cold,
They rioted far and free!

The sea is deep, and the sea is wide,
It thunders over the reef;
But lovers will slumber under the tide;
And two will wed who have wept and sighed,
And one in a holy trust will bide,
And one will die of grief.

AMANDA T. JONES

LIFE.

WHEN I'm a man—
Sings the sweet voice of boyhood—
When I'm a man. O, when! O, when!

From the grave future
Rings manhood's clear echo—
If I were young again, then. O, Then!

JONE L. JONES.

MIGMA.

The Republican Platform.

THE platform of the Republican National Convention has just appeared as we write these lines. It is a somewhat peculiar document for one of this character and to one who has been a close student of such declarations of party policy, it is in some respects disappointing. It lacks the vividness and force of statement which are especially valuable in such a document. The man who wrote it evidently has very little of the fire and intensity necessary to make the platform an argument. From first to last there is hardly a quotable sentence in it, and there is not one that would start a thrill in the most responsive audience. It seems almost surprising that the convention of a great party, having in it men so capable of formulating a platform which should be a ringing and masterly enunciation of principles, should adopt so tame and spiritless a piece of work. It is evidently the offspring of haste. The writer seems to have taken the various resolutions offered and strung them together with scarcely any reference to harmony of arrangement or claim to prominence. The truth is, there are but few men who can frame a proclamation of this sort in a manner worthy of such an occasion, and there is no man who can do it in a hurry. It is a real pity that some one having the power to formulate ideas in telling epigrammatic sentences, could not have taken the time to prepare a platform that should have been a model of literary and statesmanlike power. As regards the matter, it of course embraces all the well-known Republican doctrines together with some new ones, which look somewhat odd in a national platform. Such an one is the declaration in favor of the eight-hour law. It is evidently obnoxious to the objection that it either means nothing or is intended as a bait to certain absurd fanatics, who desire the nation to assume control of all mundane affairs. Of a similar character seems to be the fulmination against "non-resident aliens," who become owners of lands. One of the peculiarities of our American law is that we have put all owners of land on an equality, and have from the very first invited people to come in and buy our lands. There seems to be no good reason why we should now turn around and impose conditions upon foreign ownership of lands. That the public lands should be reserved for actual settlers there is no doubt. The bonanza-farmer and the great ranchman are in a sense decided evils, but how it is worse for a man living in Paris to own a county in Texas than for a resident of New York to own a county in New Mexico, doth not appear.

THE tariff clause is as definite as could be expected. In the present diversity of opinion in both the great parties upon this subject, it is unreasonable to expect sweeping and explicit declarations from them in regard to it. The party adheres to its old doctrine that the only element to be considered in levying duties on imports should not be the raising of revenue. This phrase, "not for revenue only," is perhaps more happily modified than it has sometimes been by an explicit definition of the other elements which should control the imposition of such taxes, to wit, "That in raising the requisite

revenues for the government such duties shall be so levied as to afford security to our diversified industries and protection to the rights and wages of the laborer, to the end that active and intelligent labor, as well as capital, may have its just reward, and the laboring man his full share in the national prosperity." Upon the whole, the platform may be said to be a comprehensive but somewhat dull recapitulation of the claims of the party. At this time the nomination has not been made. Unless the candidate is one calculated to awaken more enthusiasm than the declaration of principles, the convention cannot be said to have done its work in a manner to compare favorably with its predecessors.

WHILE the foregoing paragraph was being set up the telegraph brought the news of the nomination of James G. Blaine. This action of the convention renders any further discussion of the platform unnecessary at this time

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THE late panic in Wall Street is but another illustration of the pernicious mania for investment in stocks and bonds of all kinds, without any clear or definite knowledge as to the probabilities of payment or profitable returns for the investment. The idea of any relation between the amount of stock and the value of the property represented thereby, seems to have been utterly abandoned, and there appears to be no longer any connection in the mind of the investor between the ability of a corporation to pay and the amount of bonds it puts upon the market. Anything that bears a coupon which may be cut off and presented for payment semi-annually, has a charm for the holder of money which can only be equaled by the glamour which attends the purchase and sale of shares of stock. The stock may only represent a vision; or, if it have a solid basis, the shares may be so numerous as to approach the vanishing point of value. It matters not—they are stocks. If they do not represent value, they undoubtedly represent chances. They are like the chips which are used in gambling—devices which represent infinite possibilities. He who has his strong box full of them is a fair subject for luck. It may be good luck or it may be bad luck. If it is good luck, the holder has made a fortune without having done anything to merit it. If it is bad luck, he has merely lost what he had, because he preferred to buy bubbles rather than gems. Such people are hardly entitled to pity. They have neglected every ordinary precaution, and instead of knowing the basis of their purchases, have bought dreams rather than solid values.

ONE of the most unhealthy effects of this mania for stocks is the demoralization it has wrought of private credit. No legitimate business can afford to pay such profits as are now and then recorded in stock transactions. The fluctuations of the market are frequently ten, twenty, sometimes fifty or more per cent. in a month—perhaps in a day. The man who was able to forecast all these fluctuations correctly might legitimately make profits which would render the fictitious gains of Grant & Ward altogether insignificant. "I noted," said an

old friend who has watched the ebb and flow of values in Wall Street for many a day, "the fluctuations of a certain fancy stock for one year. If a man had bought always when it was lowest, and sold when it was highest, he would have made more than a thousand per cent. on his money during that time."

"Was there any real change in its value during that time?" we asked.

"Not a d—cent," was the disgusted reply. "It was just played like a jewsharp for the benefit of a few big holders."

"The value of the property bears what relation to the amount of the stock in this case?" we asked.

"A grain of wheat in two measures of chaff," he answered, sententiously.

"And dealing in the stocks is about equal to betting on which measure the kernel is in?"

"Exactly, only, in that case, a man would be sure to win half the time. In the other he is likely to lose when he buys, and lose again when he sells."

THIS mania has corrupted all appetite for the healthy gains of legitimate trade. Every man instead of lending his surplus to his neighbor makes haste to throw it into this maelstrom which we falsely call speculation. It should be termed "gambling especially devised for men who dare not so far defy public opinion as to gamble with cards and dice in broad daylight." The absurdity of this miserable traffic which makes men spend their lives hanging over the "ticker" is shown in the fact that no bank and no careful tradesman would employ for a single day a clerk who is known to have staked his little surplus in a "bucket-shop." Yet the "bucket-shop" is just as legitimate a mode of dealing as the fictitious sales of the Stock Exchange, and neither one are any more honorable or offer any more chances for legitimate gains than the faro table.

THIS preference for the securities of corporations and the mad ventures of the street not only displays a singular credulity on the part of investors, but is directly and seriously harmful to business itself. Of course a large part of the accumulated capital of the world must always be invested in the form of loans. The capitalist is very frequently, in our busy American hive, a man who, having made a fortune, desires to live upon his income without the trouble and anxiety of looking after an active business. To do this he must loan his money to some one, either to a government, a corporation, or an individual. If to the government, the income, though certain and regular, is at present rates very low, hardly more than two per cent. If he invests in the stocks or bonds of a corporation he becomes a victim of changing management, or perhaps finds his investment rendered valueless by speculative combinations. There are two advantages in the matter of a private loan—a man may know the exact character and condition of the business on which his security rests, and by proper conditions may continue his oversight and knowledge, and so make himself certain that his security continues good. Besides this the private lender may rest with something of reliance upon the character of his debtor, which he will, of course, have studied carefully. He may know his course of life, understand his liabilities, and feel that though he may not be making marvellous gains, he is adding by his industry, his integrity, and his enterprise—to the stability and success of the business in which the lender's money is embarked. At

present the country is overburdened with floating capital. Railroad building has more than kept pace with the possibility of present profit. Almost all properties of that character have been watered to an extent that makes honest dividends of any reasonable amount an impossibility. Money is abundant on call, and at a low rate. This indicates that the majority of our capitalists have become speculators. They would rather keep their money idle on the chance of making a strike on speculation once a year than have it drawing a steady income. Regular business cannot work with money "on call," secured by convertible collaterals. If the man in trade or manufacture has to put up government bonds to secure his loan, he might just as well convert them and use his own money rather than that of a lender. The recent shrinkage in values has not only worked loss to the holders of such securities, but it has greatly curtailed opportunity for those who were waiting for it. Not only that, it has revealed the rottenness of so many pretensions of value, that the man must be possessed of great hardihood who would dare to intrust his funds to the chances of loss by investing in their securities. If the result of this shall be to turn a greater portion of our capital into the normal channel of well-secured loans to the trader and manufacturer, in which the integrity, skill, and enterprise of the borrower become a part of the security of the lender rather than vague and impossible promises, we shall have gained something by our experience that will go far towards recompensing us for the loss sustained. Privity between debtor and creditor, a full knowledge of the affairs of the borrower by the lender, and confidence resulting therefrom, is the very sheet-anchor of mercantile credit, and the sure safeguard against panic and disaster.

Character as an Investment.

THE value of character as an element of business success has been well attested by some of the men whose business difficulties have lately attracted public attention.

Mr. John H. Deane, whose assignment preceded by a few days the general panic, is one of those men whose business careers are peculiarly interesting and instructive. He was usually termed an operator in real estate, though in one sense he was nothing of the kind. He was in truth a developer of real estate. He had made his fortune mainly by purchasing of unimproved lands in suburban locations, and erecting thereon good, commodious and substantial residences. He did not invest immense sums in luxurious apartment houses whose value must largely be dependent upon the fluctuations of speculative business, but he built good homes for the solid middle classes—the workers and doers who are laying the foundations of a prosperous to-morrow by securing for themselves the great bulwark of Anglo-Saxon prosperity, the castle which is defended by the moat of ownership.

This business necessarily required long credits to purchasers in many cases, while in others cash payments were preferred. In some cases, too, indulgence to purchasers became almost a necessity. The dullness of the past season not only prevented sales, but rendered it impossible for some of his purchasers to meet their payments without great sacrifice. Meantime his own obligations were maturing. He struggled manfully, but was unable to meet them. To save himself and others from overwhelming sacrifice, he made an assignment. He had long been a

trustee of funds for investment, and had large amounts in his hands, for the income of which he was responsible, though he had taken the care to protect them ulteriorly by specific mortgages. His failure was an open and an honorable one. Every creditor could perceive the *bona fides* of his debtor at a glance. More than that, they could see, also, that his judgment was that of a trained expert in his own line of business, whose conclusions only failed of verification in detail, by the contingencies of trade, which no man could foresee. The result of this was that the very men who had trusted him before trusted him all the more afterwards. Writing to a friend, he states: "I never knew how many and what good friends I had until this misfortune. Of course, my losses will be great, but my suspension will be only temporary." Speaking of his benefactions, which have been numerous and especially discreet and practical in their character, he says: "Amid all the trouble of this agonizing period, I did not once regret any of these investments. Indeed, I felt all the time an intense gratification that whatever might become of me or my fortune, I had put so much of what I had honestly acquired where it would forever be doing good service for God and humanity." The honesty of such a man is a very Gibraltar of security. No one has had a harsh word to speak of him. His benefactions have not been ridiculed nor his motives questioned. The fact that he had given six hundred thousand dollars to charitable and educational institutions has provoked no taunt from the lightest-minded mocker. Why is this? Simply because the methods by which he had acquired his fortune were beyond question, and his modest life and unassuming deportment were a guarantee of good faith which no honorable man could doubt. Error of judgment there might have been, but the sincerity of purpose and fairness of method could not be questioned.

Of the same character is the lesson to be derived from the failure of Messrs. Fisk & Hatch. In one sense it was not a strong firm. It had failed before, and was not based on a very large capital. The men who were at its head, however, were men of character. No one heard of the tears that forced themselves over the lids of the President of the Stock Exchange when his brother-brokers took time, amid the horrors of those dreadful days, to offer him their sympathies, without feeling pity for the brave, honest man, whose financial craft had gone down in the storm. In this case there was the rumor of grave business irregularity. There was the imputation that securities left with them merely for safe-keeping had been used to raise funds upon for their own speculations. There could not be a higher tribute to the general confidence in the uprightness, integrity, and ability of the men comprising this firm than the fact that despite this imputation of irregularity, men were readily found to come forward and provide the funds to enable them speedily to resume. It must have been a proud day for them when they could respond to the inquiry, "What about the funds of the Newark Savings Bank?" in these words, "Whatever we owe that institution will be paid on demand." It was not so much the value of the securities held by them which enabled Fisk & Hatch to do this, as it was the personal character of the members of the firm—the unimpeachable belief in their ability, integrity, and enterprise. The lesson is of peculiar value in contrast with the infamous rottenness of some of the other failures that have marked this period of depres-

sion. Perhaps never in the history of American speculation has so much of bold, inexcusable villainy and absolute rottenness of method been exposed in so brief a period as during the late panic, and never before was the lesson of common honesty so much needed to be learned by our young men as to-day. Character is capital. Modesty and uprightness of life is a guarantee of which no misfortune can deprive any man.

AN inquirer writes to know if the "Too True for Fiction" series will be published in book form. It is probable that they will. THE CONTINENT has purchased the copyright of them all, and our intention is to bring them out in book form after the conclusion of the series.

THE readers of this number will begin to understand something of the peculiar power of the author of "On a Margin." Mr. Gilroy who this week makes our acquaintance will reward careful study, while Walter Rawson, Mootla and Cotton Mather show possibilities which begin to make the reader thrill with expectation. The author's power is unique, and the interest now awakened is sure to be rewarded. The types of American character which he has selected are worthy of the novelist's highest art, and are drawn by him with singular vividness and skill.

WE have prepared a little Campaign Memorandum Book similar to the CONTINENT Memorandum which we gave to our subscribers a year ago. It contains some convenient political facts, with opportunity for a brief memoranda of political events up to the day of election. An edition of ten thousand copies is already exhausted, and another of twenty-five thousand will soon be issued. It will be sent to any address on receipt of five cents, or three dollars and a half a hundred.

A LITTLE more than a score of years ago the editor of THE CONTINENT was an unhappy guest in a Confederate military prison. Among the prisoners was one whose lot was made peculiarly hard because of his relations with a certain Northern journal. With the other prisoners the writer not only joined in a protest against this injustice, but contributed of the scanty funds in his possession in order to bribe a friendly guard to smuggle into the room where the persecuted journalist was confined certain articles that would tend to mitigate the severity of his imprisonment. It was no great matter, but a twenty-five-cent postal script was bigger to a prisoner of war than a thousand dollars to a man at home. The recipient of this modest though hearty favor acknowledged the kindness by a note directed to the writer, written upon a piece of brown paper, which had been used to wrap around one of the packages sent. We never saw him after he was taken from among us, but were forcibly reminded of the law of compensation when we opened a paper recently which is said to be edited by a son of this man, and found ourselves abused like a pickpocket for some intangible offence against creation. We have never seen this man, and never expect to see him, but there is no longer any doubt in our mind that the inclination to kick one who has done you a favor is a heritable instinct.



Some Summer Novels.

ONCE more the critic whets his steel, and lays in wait for the unhappy authors of the fresh crop of American summer novels—a production which it is quite in order to set down as crude, inadequate, immature, and any other unpleasant adjectives most in vogue in that school to which the critic belongs. To praise everything and to praise nothing are the two methods of the day—both easy, and the latter most in harmony with the spirit of the age. To analyze and weigh, to seek always the inward essence of the work—to discover what worth may lie hidden under imperfect methods, or unequal handling and presentation—is no part of what we call criticism. To amuse or startle jaded readers is the first consideration, and there is ample reason for the complaint of authors that the very phrasing of reviewers shows often that the book has barely been opened, if opened at all. That the crowded book-table of any popular magazine or journal becomes a thing of terror to the manager is hardly excuse for this state of things. There are books that deserve neither thought nor mention, but these are a drop in the bucket as compared with the host of the worthy ones—worthy, if for nothing else, in that they represent the best thought of the man or woman to whom they have been the word that must be said. At least we owe some deference to the personality involved, and may neither jeer nor cast aside, till honest attention has been given long enough to take in, as we take in the characteristics of a stranger presented to us, the atmosphere and breeding indicated in the printed page.

To-day it is a motley gathering, and yet in the crowd there is hardly one that does not deserve more recognition than space can allow, not so much always for pronounced individual merit as for the indication of a marked advance in the general tone of American fiction. We have not yet reached the careful handling of the average English novels; but it is certain that in some points we are beyond them. It is the difference between the English and American landscape, and while we admit the quiet beauty and elegance in the elder country—the sense of finish and of cultivation—we find more inspiration in our own free air and the great sweeps of sky and plain and mountain. As an example of a union of both methods we may take "Archibald Malmaison,"¹ in some points the most noteworthy story Mr. Julian Hawthorne has ever produced. It is ostensibly founded on fact, but no wilder romance has ever been imagined than the working out of these facts, lying in that strange border-land where inward forces of mind and matter work their will. A curious sense of reality is given by the fact that it purports to be the actual experience of one who ranked highest among English medical men, Dr. C. Forbes Rolinson, whose father had been family physician to a county family, an ancestor of which had sold his soul to the devil, and who becomes in turn the depository of the family secret and its responsibilities. Archibald Malmaison lives what must be called a periodic life—seven years of one phase followed by seven years of another, returning at the fixed period to the point at which the first was dropped. In this dual life no

memory of the intermediate stages remains. The action and thought interrupted at the sudden closing down of a new condition is taken up at its end as if no years had intervened, and there is nothing in the elder Hawthorne's work more eerie and uncomfortable or more powerfully carried out than this most unpleasant conception. It is a horrible story, told with a minuteness that compels attention to every line, but that is born of darkness and mystery and all secret and dreaded forces, and has neither place nor right to existence, save as a bit of morbid anatomy. It is a brilliant and intensely powerful work, so thoroughly distinctive in style and treatment as to place the writer once for all quite beyond the place he has been compelled to fill—that of his father's son, hampered always by the inevitable comparison between the two. But it is essentially morbid and unwholesome, the dramatic and intense climax being beyond anything that modern fiction has afforded. Grim as it is, it holds also a ghastly humor, and the reader must smile even in the most terrible crisis. It is certain that such power sets the author at the head of modern romancers, but it is also certain that there is a marked decrease in spiritual perception, and a sense that mental poise and balance are both endangered by the tone adopted. To turn from this most uncomfortable novel to Mr. Crawford's "A Roman Singer,"² is to go from mysterious and ghost-peopled darkness into free air and sunshine. Nothing that Mr. Crawford's versatile and busy pen has yet given us compares with this most delightfully quiet and charming picture of what we feel must be real life. There is no more carefully drawn and distinctive portrait in current fiction than that of the old Professor Grandi, a decayed nobleman, under whose care the peasant boy, Nino Cardegna, grows up, and who tells the story from his own point of view. In time Nino becomes a noted and popular tenor, and as such sings his way to the heart of Hedwig von Lira, the daughter of a Prussian colonel, a bigot and a martinet. The Jew Benoni for whom Hedwig is destined, is as rigorous and as mysterious as some of the personages in Mr. Crawford's earlier novels, but the discovery that he is a lunatic makes his connection with the story absurd. There is also a sensational and unpleasant baroness, who just as she becomes dangerous, is eliminated by an overdose of chloral. It would seem as if Mr. Crawford had not seen his way clear as to what should be done with her, and hastened to get her out of his way as fast as possible. Having done so, the story marches on with no further inadequacies save the ignominious explanation of Benoni's peculiarities. There is much picturesque description in sketches of Roman life and of an old Italian hill town, all mingled with the Professor's small economies, his mingled delight and consternation at the audacity of Nino, and his calm setting aside of all his own interests to further those of the young lovers. The obdurate father who locks up his daughter and dismisses the objectionable suitor, necessarily does not have his way. Hedwig escapes in the conventional and approved manner, and yet, in Mr. Crawford's hands, the old story tells itself with such grace and humor and pathos, that we call it new. Weaker in motive than "To Leeward," it is a far more satisfactory production—pure, sweet, and high in tone, and marked by very decided gain in sustained and polished style. With less haste in production, we may look confidently for work of even higher order than this most refreshing and charmingly told story.

(1) ARCHIBALD MALMAISON. By Julian Hawthorne. Standard Library. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 128, 75 cents; Funk & Wagnalls.

(2) A ROMAN SINGER. By F. Marion Crawford. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 378, \$1.25; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Edward Everett Hale's latest novel³ deals with the sudden changes and sharp contrasts of American life. Rachel, his heroine, an English girl, who at fourteen comes to this country with father and mother, and in the wreck of the vessel which bears them loses both, is as individual as Mr. Hale succeeds in making all his heroines. She is rescued, falls into the hands of good Samaritans in Boston, is adopted by a most delightfully warm-hearted and inconsequential old lady; in time goes to Mt. Kearsage—a thin disguise for Mt. Holyoke Seminary, the unique life of which is most vigorously given, and, on the sudden death of her protector, goes to Chicago, becomes a bookkeeper in a large store filled with women clerks, in time discovers her own ability as designer of embroideries, and takes this place. Lovers come and go, but the readers must discover for themselves what part Rachel has in their fortunes. The padding, as in all Mr. Hale's stories, is delightful in quality; filled with wise suggestion, quaint and charming humor, and a steady and inspiring hopefulness, that must react on the most pessimistic reader.

In "Phoebe" we have a marked contrast to any of the preceding volumes. There is, on the whole, a disagreeable flavor in plot and heroine, though the purpose of the book is a high one. Barry Crittenden, the only son of a wealthy and high-bred family, sent by his father to study law in a small country town, ruins the daughter of a hard-working woman, who has spent every energy in giving a high-school education to this child. The struggle in Mrs. Crittenden's mind before she decides that Barry must marry her is finely drawn, and the whole description of the family life in the conservative suburban town is capitally given. Barry marries Phoebe, and brings her home to a little cottage occupied formerly by the gardener, and the story from this point concerns itself chiefly with Phoebe—handsome, uncultivated, and filled with shame at her own social short-comings, though quite unconscious of the horror with which she is regarded by the matrons of the town. There is an elfish cousin Tartar, a well-drawn family friend in Peyton Edwards, and a series of minor characters more or less distinct. But in spite of an evidently high intention, the book fails to justify its existence, and though it is a fairly well-told story, is dismissed with positive relief, not even the complications which for a time separate the young pair stirring one to any vital interest.

"There Was Once A Man"⁵ is a thoroughly old-fashioned story in its taking for granted that the reader has full time to spare for any elaboration of description or comment that may commend itself to the author's mind. But when once adjusted to these conditions, it is found that here is something unique and powerful, with an absolutely unhackneyed plot and situations, and a tragedy whose mystery is unsolvable till at the very end. We pass from old New York and a patrician Knickerbocker family, to the island of Borneo. The principal acts in the strange career of Rajah Brooke are given, and there is most vivid and brilliant description of the tropical life and scenery, the background for the researches of a great Darwinian naturalist, who seeks the "missing link," and is convinced he has found it, in the person of an enormous ape. Whether he is right or not we leave the reader to discover, in

the meantime commending the novel as a very marked and distinctive contribution to a high order of fiction.

Next in order comes "A Midsummer Madness,"⁶ a sketchy and in some points fascinating little story, no self-blinded maker of books having been better drawn since Mr. Casauban than Mr. Haxtoun, the elderly valetudinarian, delving in the Aryan mythologies. It is as his secretary that Frank Medhurst, a poor journalist, appears in the stately country home, surrounded by others of the same variety, the life in which is sketched not only with grace but with power. Necessarily the secretary falls in love with the daughter of the house—pretty Cecil Haxtoun—and there are innumerable complications, ending in the legitimate manner. The hero is far less interesting, as a study of character, than Rodney Heriot, an accepted lover, who eventually renounces Cecil, and who, in all his selfishness and dilettanteism, is thoroughly alive. His frivolous, little old mother is equally interesting, and the vein of cynicism here and there gives a certain piquancy, though one feels that the author regards her creations too much as puppets, and has no objection to showing the strings that move them. And what does she mean by the final paragraph of the book—an arrangement of words so mysterious that a general consultation of the whole editorial force has not yet found a satisfactory solution? "He realized as truth, by the pain of being compelled, what was false, faith by his unfaith, and the sweet rewards of life by his own chastisements." But the story shows keen perception, subtle power of analysis, and a good deal of delicate humor; while country life about Philadelphia, with its decorous inanities, has seldom been better given.

Why any Englishman in full possession of his senses writes novels in German, which must be immediately translated back into English, is a problem nobody has yet solved. Such is the mysterious course of George Taylor, who, if he is bent upon translation, could hardly find a better interpreter than Mary J. Safford, who gives us in "Clytia," the same even excellence of work that distinguished her rendering of "Antinous." The title would indicate another archæological novel, but this is, in fact, a romance of the past Lutheran Reformation in the second half of the sixteenth century. There is a certain resemblance to "John Inglesant," in that the hero, Paul Laurenzano, is a pupil of the Jesuits, though, unlike John Inglesant, he becomes their proselyte and tool, and accomplishes much mischief in the guise of a Protestant clergyman. He is made confessor to a sisterhood of reformed nuns, whom he endeavors to re-convert to the old faith, and during the operation falls wildly in love with Clytia, one of their number, the original, so the author insists, of the lovely bust whose genuineness he strenuously denies. Naturally Love, in the person of Clytia, outgenerals Loyola; the priest yields to the man, and Laurenzano, who, on the discovery of his apostasy, has been put to the torture by his enemy, recovers and finds compensation in a return to natural love and life. There are strong situations, much picturesque and vigorous description of witchcraft terrors and persecutions, and every evidence of very thorough culture, though the novel, with all these good qualities, lacks the subtle something that would give it permanent hold on the reader's mind, and is life-like wax-work, rather than life itself.

(3) THE FORTUNES OF RACHEL. By Edward Everett Hale. Standard Library. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 221, \$1.00; Funk & Wagnalls.

(4) PHEBE. A Novel. By the Author of Rutledge. 16mo, pp. 332, \$1.25; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

(5) THERE WAS ONCE A MAN. A Story. By Orpheus C. Kerr. Our Continent Library—No. 8. Cloth, illustrated, 16mo, pp. 530, \$1.50; Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

(6) A MIDSUMMER MADNESS. By Ellen Olney Kirk. 16mo, \$1.25; J. R. Osgood & Co.

(7) CLYTIA: A Romance of the Sixteenth Century. By George Taylor. From the German, by Mary J. Safford. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 364, 30 cents; W. S. Gottsberger, New York.

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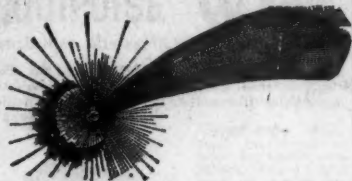
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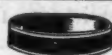
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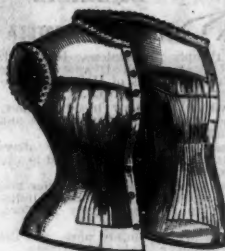
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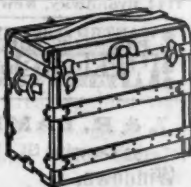
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